THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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USELESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HATTIE BOYER.

In the dim woods the distant veery sings,
Nearer, the wheat lies ripening in the sun,
Rose flushed, a lily's heart its fragrance flings,
And plums are slowly purpling, one by one.

The clouds that lead'ning half the western sky,
Will soon in rains descend or noiseless dews,
Heav'nward return in some sweet by-and-by;
And all mute things fulfill their appointed use.

But what are we? and wherefore do we live,
Who cannot unto any good attain?
Thankless receiving joys our Lord doth give,
Fiercely rebelling if our lot be pain.

The highest gifts we have we but abuse,
Yet meet our punishment with bitter strife.
If, after all our toil for love—we lose,
Our hearts are broken hearts. And this is life.

Oh! Thou who gavest breath to meaner things,
We know Thou hast not made us all in vain,
And that Thine angels, with their unseen wings,
Are sent our nerveless purpose to sustain.

Bear with us yet a little—we are blind,
And feebly grope for that we cannot see;
Hoping at last, in death, the path to find
That leadeth upward unto rest and Thee.

UNCLE JERRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ZIG.

Uncle Jerry is dead.

He was an old bachelor. Not so old, either, but that the heart of many a round-cheeked beauty of eighteen would beat a little higher and a little faster, at some fancied notice from the dignified, comely gentleman of fifty, with his golden-brown beard and "loaf-brown" hair.

Uncle Jerry was the guardian angel of us all. It isn't exactly customary to associate the idea of an angel with a great big brown moustache and a fragrant cigar, but spite of that, I do solemnly again affirm that Uncle Jerry was the guardian angel of us all. I know that every angel I ever saw in pictures or tableaux, always wore a white cotton gown and a pair of goose wings. And it is strange that poetical imaginations will mutilate things so. When their sublime flights of fancy provide angels with the same means of locomotion as a bird, why do they stop half way, forgetting that not only wing feathers, but certain other feathers are also necessary to this sort of aerial navigation? In short, though a bird may have wings as long and as strong as the creed and confessions, the fact is well known to all scientific observers, that it cannot make a yard of headway unless nature also provide it with—well, with a tail.

But I never saw an angel in real life. That is, unless Uncle Jerry was one. I believe he was. Certainly he was the best, bravest, wisest, gentlest man any of our folks ever knew. It is not possible for me to describe to you the feeling with which I looked up to him. I hardly know how to put it in words. There is a something implanted in the nature of all women which makes them nearly worship a brave, strong man, who is also a good man. If men did but know with what reverence we women regard a good, pure man, I do not believe they would so often take as a compliment the reputation of a "fast man." And when I speak of a good, pure man, I do not mean a white-livered, skim-milk *half* man, with watery, negative virtues, and no impulses at all. I mean the kind of man which makes me think of a piece of machinery I saw last winter. It was that splendid, beautiful machine for cutting and turning steel. Bless you! it would have cut a railway tunnel through an iron mountain in a few minutes, with scarcely more noise than you would make in pulling a thread from a skein of silk. And it would have cut off your arm much easier and much sooner than you could have snipped that same thread in two with your scissors. Yet this tremendous machinery was at work cutting the most wonderfully delicate steel points and edges, and tracing the finest steel spirals, under perfect control of the workman. Without a single false motion, or once going higgledy piggledy. With a strength which could have ground a boulder into sand, a minute spring had but to be touched by the workman's little finger, and the whole machinery would change its motion to a rotary, horizontal, or perpendicular, in a moment. That is how a really noble man is. With immense strength in his nature, both for good and for evil, the master commands and changes each impulse and each passion, as the motion needs to be horizontal, perpendicular, or rotary. And the motion is always toward that which is brave, and pure, and generous. But alas for the world! There is hardly one man in ten thousand who will take the trouble to control the machine. It's a sight of trouble to do right when you want to do wrong.

"There are heroes in evil as well as in good." The strength in each case is the same; only on the one side the man is master of the machinery, while on the other side the machine masters the man. That is all the difference.

Uncle Jerry was a hero in good. A hero not alone in great things, but even in the little affairs of this life, when there was no newspaper reporter by. More than all, he was a hero to his own relations. A hero in good, in faith, in hope, and in that dear charity which is over all and above all.

Well, he is gone! The merriest, gentlest, truest man that ever lived. We can never have another such friend. He made up all our quarrels, helped us carry our most grievous loads, and in our sorest bestments always found us a way out. Were a poverty-stricken but ambitious nephew or niece fighting against fate, for something higher and better than circumstances had bestowed, an education, mayhaps, or no matter what, so it were an object worthy a man's or woman's striving—it was Uncle Jerry's ready advice and readier purse which always brought strength to the weary, and good cheer to the discouraged one. It was Uncle Jerry who arranged all the weddings, who always knew, long beforehand, when one was going to take place. In fact, sly Uncle Jerry knew it the minute any of the young folks fell in love. I don't know how he could tell, I'm sure. It must have been that he had some kind of invisible, spiritual telegraph wires reaching from his great, wonderful heart out through us all. I believe in such things. And Uncle Jerry had just that much love and sympathy for every one of us, whether we were sick or in health, whether we were sorrowful or merry. And the fight this kind, patient man had in him, too. One time he caned Jim Dill, the neighborhood bully, till that worthy's big bones ached for a week. You never would have believed Uncle Jerry could do it. Jim Dill had the highest respect for him, after that.

I never knew anybody to be angry at him but once—and that was when he took Alice with him, almost by main force, to New Orleans, and kept her from running away with a vagabond who turned out to be a gambler, putting on airs up here in the country. Alice cried, and pouted, and stormed by turns—but she nearly went on her knees to Uncle Jerry, for pure thankfulness, afterwards. And Sam never could have been married respectably at home, only for Uncle Jerry. When Aunt Rachel went off into hysterics and Uncle Joseph went off swearing, because Sam hinted that he wished to marry pretty Cora Howard, Squire Howard's adopted daughter, who sewed for her living, and whom Squire Howard had taken out of the asylum, when she was a mere baby; we all thought there was nothing left for Sam and Cora but to elope and have it over. But Cora Howard, for some reason we did not know then, though we understood all about it, after he died, dear, patient heart, had always been Uncle Jerry's pet. We girl cousins used to be jealous and spiteful about it, because he seemed to prefer this pretty, poor sewing-girl to us—paying for her music lessons, and often taking her home in his little carriage. We even used to say that she wouldn't have objected to taking, for better or for worse, the owner of the pretty carriage and mahogany-colored bays. But then we were right sorry for it afterwards, for Cora never loved anybody but Sam in her life, and would not have given one look of his not over fine tow-colored hair, for all the carriages and mahogany bays in the world. And we found out that Uncle Jerry—

We will let it pass, just now. I will tell you about that after a while. At present I am talking of Cora and Sam.

Aunt Rachel and Uncle Joseph always seemed to think there was hardly anybody in the state of Ohio quite good enough to marry into the high and mighty Joseph Emerson family. They had something of that sort of family pride, which, viewed by the light of common sense, is much the same as the pride of the lunatic who dresses himself up in parti-colored rags and a crown made of tin-shop cuttings, and calls out to everybody in a solemn voice: "See here! I am King George the Third!" You will find considerable of that kind of pride in Republican America.

We were all a bit proud of Sam. He had graduated at one of our indescribable Western colleges, with immense honor, and added a fresh coat of green paint to his laurels, on commencement day, by a very elaborate essay on The Shovels, Tongs, and Tooth-brushes of the ancient Brahmins. Sam inclines rather to the useful-and-interesting-ancient-historical—information school. Besides, after Sam graduated from the indescribable western college, he had gone into the army, and on account of distinguished bravery and being wounded, had been promoted to second-lieutenant, taking care (a little secret, this is,) to get his blue straps with their brass rims a few days before his commission arrived, so as to enjoy, at the very moment the weekly mail should bring him in "2nd Lt. O. V. I.," the luxury of wearing yo blue straps. A little vanity is pardonable in a very young brave man, though. So what does Sam do, while at home waiting for his new blue straps to come, and his arm to get well, but to take it into his honest white head to become very spooney indeed towards Aunt Rachel's sewing girl. My! Didn't his high and mighty pa and ma storm, though! They never so much as suspected it, till Sam, just three days before his furlough was out, asked them to take his "orphan Cora" home to them and keep her until his return, just as their own daughter, "as she will be as soon as I come home," continued Sam, a little sheepishly, but still very majestically.

Orphan Cora, indeed! In five minutes Aunt Rachel had turned his "orphan Cora," bag and baggage, out of doors, and slammed the door after her with a great bang. Cora turned a little white around the mouth, but she only just bowed, very cool and grand, and said:

"Certainly, madam. Just as you please."

That was all. She didn't cry nor go into hysterics. Not she. She was too high-spirited for that, you see. But Aunt Rachel went into high hysterics. And she totally forgot the bundle of tracts on the subject of True Charity among Christians, which she had meant to distribute to the members of the Baptist church that afternoon. And the fat kitchen girl had to hold hartshorn to Aunt Rachel's nose, and rub her temples with vinegar, until *she* also totally forgot the "salt risin" bread, and it ran out over the pans and sunk down in the middle, and that was an end of the whole batch. A baking of salt risin-bread hadn't been spoiled in the Joseph Emerson family for five years.

Aunt Rachel came back to her senses towards evening. That is to say, she came back to *something*, I don't know whether there was any sense to it or not. (Aunt Rachel snubs our family because Uncle Joseph has two hundred acres of land, while we have only one hundred.) On returning to her usual state of mind, the very first use she made of her usual state of mind was to clap on her brown barege sun-bonnet lined with pink, and rush, in an exciting kind of trot, over to Squire Howard's. It will be needless to remark that the sight of her son Sam's new lieutenant coat-sleeve around Cora's waist, at the parlor window, was not exactly the Balm of a Thousand Flowers to my relative's wounded soul. In point of fact, you might just as well have reminded our high-born aunt of the time when she used to hoe corn and strip tobacco, before she married Uncle Joe. She stopped stock-still, just outside the window, a tableau of embodied Wrath. And when she saw that Cora and Sam did not once move, nor even so much as look badly scared, her usual state of mind nearly left her again. But she had a duty to perform. It is painful to me to record that my noble aunt was so unladylike as to even shake her fist at Cora, whom she finally managed to address, in a voice choking with rage, as follows:

"You mean, brazen, impident—"

But Aunt Rachel never finished that speech. Had she been allowed to do so, her oration doubtless would have been a triumph of high art in the way of feminine stump speaking. But it was not to be. The said speech was nipped in the bud untimely, the cause whereof being that, at the moment she had bitten off the end of the word "impident," a pitcher-full of cold well water, from the unknown regions above, descended square upon Aunt Rachel's sun-bonnet, deluging head, shoulders, spectacles and black silk mits, deluging my dear aunt from head to foot, in one mighty, overwhelming cataract. As it was before the present fashion of waterfalls for the head came in, you will not be surprised to learn that it took away her breath somewhat. She was presented with that waterfall by the undutiful chronicler hereof. It will rejoice me to the end of my days to know that once in my life I was enabled to make my dear aunt a present.

Here is how I happened to be at Squire Howard's, just at that eventful moment. All of us cousins were completely on the side of Sam and Cora. We thought it would suit us rather better to choose for ourselves in the matter of matrimony, so we greatly approved of their doing exactly as we all wanted to do when our time should come. Besides, Sam was my favorite cousin. He and I had been confidential to each other from our childhood up. The latest mutual revelation had been his telling me about being engaged to Cora, and my telling him, which I thought was a full equivalent in this mutual confidence game, how I had sent a "piece," over the signature of Eldora, to the editor of the county paper. So I knew very well what a game case Sam's was.

The moment Aunt Rachel had given Cora such unceremonious notice to quit, Sam, like the gentleman he is, quit too, and though Cora at first vowed she would never speak to Sam or one of his family again, the sight of him, walking there by her side, looking so unhappy, and with so much true love in his gray eyes, soon made her change her mind. And when they had come as far as our house, they had made it all up again, and Cora had vowed she would never be parted from him, never. Then Sam called me out to the gate, told me all about it, and so worked upon my sympathies that, though I dislike above all things to see women kissing each other, I could not resist then and there kissing Cora Howard on both cheeks, and telling her she was my dearest cousin forever. Which gushing proceeding delighted Sam so that he begged me to "do come home with us." Whereat, for the triple purpose of spiting Aunt Rachel, of pleasing Sam, and last, *not* least, of being, reporter-like, at the scene of action, I went. I was still there, up-stairs, when the brown barege sun-bonnet and spectacles loomed into sight before the parlor windows. And when the enemy opened its guns upon Cora, a reserved force quickly came to her relief from the heights above. I besieged, assaulted, and carried Fortress Aunt Rachel with a water battery. But Aunt Rachel believes to this day that Tom Howard did it. I cannot say how that belief will influence her mind when Tom Howard comes to tell her that he and her daughter Alice intend to be married this fall.

As I was saying, the enemy was silenced. Aunt Rachel passed from fever to chills in the twinkling of an eye. Cold water is a wonderful cooler and filterer for a fit of rage. There is nothing like it. And Aunt Rachel was effectually cooled and filtered for that time. It took her some time to recover her breath, and when she did so, she raised her finger and articulated through her chattering teeth:

"Samyil Emerson! Marry that—gl-r-r-l, and you'll never git one dime of my money." (The Joseph Emerson property is all in Aunt Rachel's name.)

Sam didn't say one word. But the new blue coat-sleeve drew itself a little tighter around Cora's waist. Its queer how that coat-sleeve knew exactly what it ought to do.

But Cora raised her hands, her bright cheeks glowing, and her black eyes fairly blazing, as she said:

"With these two hands I can support myself and the whole Emerson family besides."

Cora was magnificent to look at, at that moment.

But my irrepressible aunt tried it just once more. She spoke to Sam again:

"You *shall not* marry her!"

But Sam, he just answered up, clear and manly:

"Cora is of age. So am I. I refuse to obey you."

Then Aunt Rachel subsided. She turned square around and went out the gate, muttering like the thunders of a departing storm. But we knew she would hold to her word about disinheriting Sam. And Sam wasn't the owner of a hundred dollars in the world.

Oh dear! Oh dear! If Uncle Jerry were only here!—I said to myself. It must be that he could settle this dreadful quarrel somehow. I was sure he could. Uncle Jerry was in Louisville, and not expected home for a week. But, as if he knew he was needed, this good angel of distressed lovers came home that very night. Sam had spent the night at our house, and next morning it didn't take us two together longer than while you could count fifty to tell Uncle Jerry how matters stood. I never saw him so excited. We couldn't tell whether it was anger, or gladness, or pain, or all three, which made every feature of his kind face quiver so. He turned away from us to the window for a minute, then he turned towards us again, and said, in his usual voice:

"I will help you if I can, Sam."

And without a word more, he went over to Uncle Joseph's. It wasn't half an hour until Aunt Rachel herself knocked at our side door and asked for Sam. Her manner was very quiet for Aunt Rachel, and she told Sam, in a kind, serious voice, entirely new to her, that she and Uncle Joseph would make no more objection to his marrying Cora. That if it would be any satisfaction to him to have her all fast and sure for his wife, before he went away, he could marry her that very evening if he liked. And if Cora would consent, herself and his father wished the wedding to be at their house, where they might at once have Cora at home as their daughter. I have thought more of Aunt Rachel ever since that morning.

Sam only waited long enough to thank his mother decently, before the new lieutenant's coat might have been seen doing the "quick time, march!" across the sheep pasture, with a man, by name Sam Emerson, inside of it.

Womanlike, on hearing the good news, Cora at first declared she couldn't and she *wouldn't* marry Sam that night, then that she *would never* be married at Aunt Rachel's, she would live an old maid five hundred years first, and finally, womanlike for all the world, she melted right down and wound up by meekly consenting to do exactly as Sam wanted. For she loved white-headed Sam dearly.

Women are dreadfully silly creatures, sometimes, when they are in love. It's nothing less than wonderful, the power the masculine gender have over them. A woman will die for a man she loves. There is a magic about it, somewhere. I don't pretend to understand it. Only I know that if a man wishes to "manage" his wife, all he has to do is to keep her in love with him. Wife-managers make a note.

Cora is usually very high-spirited and spunky. She gives strangers the impression that she is an uncommonly haughty, imperious woman. But wherever any of Sam's wishes are concerned, I believe she would walk to Cincinnati and down Fourth street, barefoot, rather than that he should be disappointed or put to any discomfort. To be sure, Sam would do just as much for her, in anything upon which she had particularly set her heart. That is right, and as it should be. But we were all rather surprised at Cora, because she was so very high-mettled, and even willful at times.

So Sam and Cora were married at Aunt Rachel's that night. But Uncle Jerry was not at the wedding. We thought it so strange that he should go away that very afternoon, as he did, saying that he must catch the night train for Chicago, when he had never missed a wedding in the family before. We even thought he himself might be in love with Cora, and some of the more romantic cousins held fast to that theory for a long time. He did not come home until Sam was off with Sherman again, and Cora was living peaceably with the Joseph Emersons. Aunt Rachel has always been a very tolerable mother-in-law to Cora. That is to say, regarded in the "bony light" of a mother-in-law. For everybody knows that the smallest drop of mother-in-law frequently embitters all the sweets in the cup of matrimony.

The cousins were half crazy to know what in the world Uncle Jerry could have said to Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel, making them turn all about so suddenly, and not only give their consent to the match, but even seem to approve of it. Indeed, I for one was so anxious to find out what Uncle Jerry's all-potent arguments had been, that I allowed my curiosity to get the better of my dignity, and condescended to ask the fat kitchen girl if she had overheard any part of their talk. I am ashamed to acknowledge that my curiosity often overcomes my dignity.

The fat kitchen girl had overheard part of their talk, as the kitchen door was open, and she could both see and hear them. She said Uncle Jerry had seemed quite upset and flurried. When he mentioned his mission, Aunt Rachel had at first stormed at him just as far as she dared storm at Uncle Jerry, which wasn't as far as she dared with most folks. Uncle Jerry had tried to use some arguments about Sam and Cora's having such a liking for each other, and so on, and had praised Cora's independence and industry. But Aunt Rachel cut him off short in a second, saying that *he* needn't come begging around her—that a poor working girl wasn't fit to come into the same house with an Emerson. At that Uncle Jerry just looked straight and steady into her eyes, with a sort of grand look that made the color flush up into even her yellow face, and almost as if he had been telling her a dream, said:

"Rachel Van Dorne! Twenty five years ago this month, this very day of the month, it may have been, I braved the hottest anger of a passionate old man, my father, for your sake, and finally persuaded him not to disinherit my brother Joseph, because he insisted upon marrying you, our stout-armed 'help,' the daughter of an Irish fortune-teller. Have you one word to say, to-day, why *your* son should not marry the woman he himself has chosen?"

And Aunt Rachel's mouth was shut as completely as if it had been hermetically sealed. She had not another remark to make. But Uncle Joseph, seeing that the main army was likely to be routed, brought up the reserve corps which he had kept under arms, ready for the minute when he should be able to put a word in edgewise. Uncle Joseph took up the speech:

"It's no use talking of that. The girl is plenty good enough for Sam, but he has not a dollar in the world. Sam must hoe his own row now. I've spent all the money I expect to on him, for his education, and he must marry a rich girl, if he's going on with the law."

It was full three minutes, the fat kitchen girl said, before Uncle Jerry said a word. He sat there, looking down at a stripe in the rag-carpet, with one hand holding, tight as iron, to the arm of the wooden settee. When he did look up, his lips were quivering, and his eyes were full of tears. He spoke quick and short, with a very great effort, and his voice sounded like the cry of a dumb animal when it is suffering intense physical pain.

"When I am dead, two-thirds of all my worldly possessions will go to the children of my brothers Joseph and Daniel, the other third to Abner Howard's adopted daughter, Cora Helen Woodson, daughter of Mary Cathcart Woodson —— of Mary Cathcart, Joe."

His lips were white, as he said this, and he was shaking all over.

"All right. All right, Jerry, dear old fellow. I didn't know—I didn't know," said Uncle Joseph, hurriedly, laying his hand kindly, tenderly even, on Uncle Jerry's shoulder. Uncle Joe's eyes filled with tears, too, and he went right out into the barn yard and commenced giving orders to the farm men in a big hurry as though he was trying to drive something off his mind. But Uncle Jerry went out through the kitchen and back towards the woods, and nobody saw anything more of him till noon. As soon as he was gone out the back gate, Uncle Joseph came into the house and said to Aunt Rachel:

"It's the old hurt, mother. I would rather lose the farm than go against poor Jerry in this thing. Rachel, if you will go over to Dan's and tell Sam he may marry Cora to-day, if he wants to, I will buy you your new baroueho next week."

Aunt Rachel is an exemplary member of a very religious church. She is a shining light to unbelievers, mostly, but she was not proof against the snares of sin when they assailed her in the shape of a new carriage, regular city style. It is my opinion that you might count upon your fingers every woman in the United States who would have stood ground against that particular temptation. So Aunt Rachel didn't let the grass grow under her number sixes before she had performed her errand, and all things considered, performed it gracefully and well.

That was all fat Joanna heard, and it was only told and talked over among the cousins. But though all of us were fairly aching with curiosity to know more, not one of the uncles or aunts would tell us a word about Mary Cathcart, or even who she was. Not till Uncle Jerry was

quietly sleeping in the Emerson burying-ground on the hill did Uncle Joseph and Aunt Rachel tell us the story, the sad story of true love and grievous wrong, of the burden of mortal sorrow which our dear Uncle Jerry had carried with him, night and day, for twenty-three years. But we didn't know anything about it when Cora and Sam were married, therefore it was very strange to us young folks why Uncle Jerry should go away from the wedding.

It was not a very lively wedding, as you can well imagine. After all Aunt Rachel's fuss and opposition, after Uncle Jerry's leaving us so, and with Sam's having to go away in two days, we could not in reason have had a very merry time. But I do believe all the other wouldn't have made a feather's difference if Uncle Jerry had only been there. For after he came home, everything seemed to brighten up all at once. He took Cora immediately under his especial care, lifted her out of reach of Aunt Rachel's rule, and protected her from all Aunt Rachel's snubbing. Indeed, the fact that Cora was to be one of Uncle Jerry's heirs, put a golden button on the point of divers and sundry daggers with which my worthy relative would otherwise have stabbed her daughter-in-law without mercy. Aunt Rachel is a Christian woman, firm in the belief that she is elected to be saved, but as I have hinted before, the tares of this world will now and then mix in among her good, solid heads of Christian wheat. Still, as I said, she makes a very tolerable mother-in-law to Cora, who, under Uncle Jerry's loving care, and after the war was over and Sam came home for good and all, became as happy as she was beautiful.

My Cousin Cora is quite the grand lady of there parts, now. She appropriates, by natural right, that one adjective of adjectives, which, from the days of Cleopatra down to the present time, has been the sole open sesame to all "first society." You may have beauty, you may have genius, you may be a Solomon for wisdom, and a Rochefoucauld for wit; you may have money enough to pay the National Debt, but if you be not also "stylish"—behold! you are as naught, and a snob. Cousin Cora is unmistakeably, indisputably "stylish." Which, next to her city barouche, is Aunt Rachel's chief comfort in this life. And Sam is doing well at law. He is sound and argumentative, rather than brilliant and gassy—but the old farmers trust him, and wise wire-pullers prophesy that he will cut his notch on the political stick, yet. If what they say be true, it will not be many years before the Washington letters will mention Cousin Cora as the "beautiful and accomplished wife of Congressman Sam Emerson." And indeed it won't be her fault, if they don't. For she is exceedingly ambitious, for a woman. Uncle Jerry used to say she was too ambitious. Whenever Sam becomes a bit lazy—which I am sorry to say Aunt Rachel's son is apt to do, at times—Cora applies a gentle reminder on this wise:

"Sam, your mother said you would go to sticks, after you married me. Disappoint her, if you love me."

But Sam and Cora have had their sorrow, too. They had a pretty girl-baby, white and tiny, with violet eyes. This little creature was the joy of Uncle Jerry's life. We had never known him to love any earthly object so dearly. He used to take her, wee, wee creature, out all by himself, and keep her for hours. She would leave her mother at anytime, for Uncle Jerry's strong, loving arms. We noticed that he had more real heart-happiness with her than he ever had seemed to enjoy before, though he was always pleasant and merry to us all. But he never gave up his whole heart to loving anything as he did this little baby.

And the little baby died.

Oh, it was cruel! It was very hard on Sam and Cora; but they were young, and had each other. Uncle Jerry was old, and had set all his heart on this poor little baby. And when the tiny thing threw up her feeble arms, even in her dying agony, towards him, and a faint breath just fluttered across her little lips and left her forever—oh! forever, Uncle Jerry's heart was broken. He bowed his head on the table and clasped his hands over his head, sobbing and moaning now and then:

"My baby! oh, my baby!"

Uncle Jerry only lived a little while after our baby died. It was in the first of last December when they dug her grave in the Emerson burying ground. The first day of January they lowered a coffin into a large, wide grave, close by the little one. All that is mortal of one of this world's angels rests in that grave. Tears were falling from all our eyes, Uncle Jerry's too, when he clasped the tiny, waxen, baby hands together, and softly closed the coffin lid. Then he laid a wreath of evergreens and snow-berries over the little dead, white blossom, and turned and went right away. Next day we had a dispatch from him in Chicago.

Two weeks afterwards he came home, very ill. He had caught a violent cold, somehow, and it had run into a fever. We did all we could in the world for him. I believe not one of the cousins, or of the uncles and aunts, but would have joyfully laid down his or her own life for this dear Uncle Jerry. Aunt Rachel left all her housekeeping, and the Christmas puddings, and came over and took care of him night and day. She could scarcely have watched Uncle Joseph himself so tenderly. But it was all no use. Uncle Jerry died too.

None of us will ever forget that night.

The year was growing old, very old. Sweet, solemn voices seemed calling through the darkness, and coming down from the clouds with the softly falling snow flakes. They were calling Uncle Jerry—and he heard them, though we could not. The little baby stretched out her soft arms for him, and he saw her, though we could not. Maybe it was because the tears blinded us so. And Uncle Jerry went home with the little baby, and left us. Mary, his lost Mary, came for him, too. Uncle Jerry saw her and talked to her. How could he stay with us, then? The angels had come for him, and he could not say them nay. One flash as of joyful recognition, one single, loving beam for an instant lit his large, bright, blue eyes, his lips whispered the one, olden name—

"*Mary!*"

That was all. The last word his earthly lips ever pronounced, was the beloved name of his one earthly love.

There is too much of mortal sadness in the weeks which followed, for me to say much about them. On the first day of the new year we buried our dead out of our sight. It was an immense funeral. Acquaintances and friends came from miles and miles around, for one last look upon the face of a noble, beautiful man. Noble and beautiful in life and in the still repose of death, with his arms, white as a girl's and strong as steel, they had been folded over his breast, quiet, quiet, and a most glad, glorious expression grandly resting on his face. There was not a thread of gray in his clustering, dark-brown hair, nor a sorrowful line across his marble features. He was so beautiful.

Well—there is a shadow over us now. There is a something lacking to our joy; there is a deeper darkness to the night. We are continually looking for the one who will never come. I think we shall all of us be gentler and kinder to each other after this, remembering as we do, the gentleness, the kindness, the perfect self-forgetfulness of him who is sleeping in the large, wide grave on the hill. May be the invisible telegraph wires from Uncle Jerry's loving heart, away up in Heaven, still reach down through us all here on earth. Pray God they may! Pray God they may call us back when our feet are wandering from the true way!

If I have spoken too much in praise of Uncle Jerry, I hope to be forgiven. It is only because he was so very dear to us all, that even one's pen lingers lovingly over this little tribute to the memory of an unspotted life. He was our guardian angel, you know.

Some of us heard Uncle Jerry's story, last week. There had been trouble among the cousins. Net Clayton is an arrant little flirt as ever was. She is Cousin Dot Singer's sister, and prettier even than Dot. Net has been engaged to Hiram Howard ever so long; but when Ned Singer came to visit Tom and Dot this spring, he being both richer and more "stylish" than farmerlike Hiram, and very handsome besides, Net seemed all too ready to throw Hiram over, and take up with Ned, who on his part was more than willing to be taken. And there had been gossip and tale-bearing among the cousins, and much hard feeling, for Net is the prettiest one of us all; and Hiram Howard was considered a great catch by more than one girl cousin, especially by Cousin Alice Emerson. And we we were nearly all mixed up in the trouble somehow.

Then it was that Uncle Joseph called us together at his house one evening, and told us about Uncle Jerry and Mary Cathcart. (Uncle Joseph has changed greatly since Uncle Jerry's death. He is kindlier in his ways, more thoughtful of the young people, all around, and more like Uncle Jerry's own self. He will never unreasonably oppose another of his children in marrying, I am sure.)

The three brothers, Daniel, Jerry, and Joseph Emerson, with their married sisters, Mary Clayton and Rebecca Treadwell, came to Ohio over twenty years ago. Daniel came first, about thirty years ago. The others, having had some trouble and ill luck East, all came together, nearly ten years later. They were all married except Jerry, and he had been engaged to a beautiful girl named Mary Cathcart. She was only seventeen, Uncle Joseph said, very lovely, very vain, too; but Uncle Jerry idolized every hair of her head. She had ever so many winning, childish little ways about her, and used to drive Uncle Jerry half crazy sometimes, with her coquettish airs. A less loving, though perhaps wiser man than he would have coolly turned and left her to coquet with somebody else, but he could not, for his life was wrapped up in her. Uncle Jerry was a handsome, manly youth, at this time, six feet in his stockings, with bright, ruddy cheeks, and light, brown curly hair. He could lift a larger weight and run faster than any man in the county. He was the jolliest good fellow in the world, full of pranks and mischief, a little reckless at times. The only weak spot about him was his love for Mary Cathcart. They were to be married in two months. Mary Cathcart at last seemed to be steadying down a little, though all the old folks prophesied she would lead Jerry a sorry dance of it, even if she did marry him. But she seemed to be in earnest, for once in her life, and all were hoping for the best, when suddenly a new character, Tracy Woodson, appeared in the neighborhood. He was well connected, being a nephew of Judge Tracy, and brother of the Episcopal minister's wife. The neighborhood boys did not like him much, probably because among the girls he came but to conquer. He was one of those men who, from some undefinable reason, seem to fascinate all womankind. He appeared to have plenty of money, and was very well looking.

After casting about here and there for some feminine game which should be worthy his mark, he finally decided in favor of Mary Cathcart. As for her, she would have been nothing loth to a new lover on her wedding day. At last it became neighborhood talk how she and Woodson were carrying on. After a while, even Jerry heard of it, though they had tried to be very sly, Woodson knowing well enough of her engagement. Jerry went over to Cathcart's one evening, when Mary was not expecting him, and there, out under a tree, the very tree, on the very bench where he and Mary had sat the night Mary had promised to marry him, she was sitting with Tracy Woodson, and Tracy Woodson was holding her hand, and his arm was around her waist. It well-nigh maddened Jerry, for he was very jealous by nature. He would have trampled Tracy Woodson's life out of him on the spot, only that Mary, poor, weak fool, threw her arms around Uncle Jerry, screaming with terror. Woodson was no coward, but he would have had a poor show with Jerry just then, and stammering something about Jerry's having the best right there, he took his hat and sidled off. Mary Cathcart threw herself pale and trembling on the ground at Jerry's feet, but he at first took no more notice of her than if she had been a stone. Then she tried tears, and cried bitterly. And this moved Jerry, who never was the man to hold out against a woman's crying, and finally, with Mary's tears and vows and prayers, they made it all up again. For Jerry loved this false-hearted girl so much that she could wind him round her fingers like a tress of her black hair. Mary Cathcart promised never to see Tracy again, and Jerry was satisfied. Only he swore that if ever he caught Woodson there again, he would break his head. "This Jerry was very different from the Uncle Jerry you know, children," said Uncle Joseph.

"So it went on till the very day for their wedding. Jerry had all faith in Mary, and trusted her perfectly, especially as Woodson had not been seen in the neighborhood for a week. Jerry was in the rarest of humors. He dressed himself up in his wedding suit and came down stairs laughing and whistling, to show himself to mother. Mother was very proud of him, and well she might have been. He was a splendid looking young fellow, children. I have never seen his like for strength and handsomeness. He and mother and your Aunt Rachel and I were going over to the wedding, in the family carriage, all together. It was about time to start. The horses were brought around, and your grandmother was telling Jerry that it was a bad sign to have the sun go under a cloud just as he stepped out the front door. But Jerry only laughed for an answer, and went on towards the front gate. At that moment Mary Cathcart's brother rode up to the gate. He was in a great hurry, and seemed confused like. He handed Jerry a letter, and galloped off without a word. Jerry tore it open, just glanced at it, and fell on the ground like a log.

"Mother and Rachel ran to him, and I picked up the letter and read it. I have that letter now, children. Here is what it said:

"'Mr. Jerry Emerson—This is to inform you that we were married, early this morning, in town, and before this reaches you, we will be far enough from here, out of harm's way. We are very sorry indeed to disappoint you, but should you desire particularly to see us, you will probably find us somewhere in Philadelphia to-morrow.

Tracy Woodson.
Mary Woodson, late Mary Cathcart.'

"We carried Jerry into the house and laid him on the bed. He came to himself again presently. We all expected he would follow Woodson and murder him, for Jerry had a fearful temper in his young days. But he did nothing at all violent. He just sat up on the edge of the bed, passed his hand slowly over his forehead, up and down, once or twice, as if trying to remember, and then asked mother, in a quiet voice, what time it was. Then, without seeming to hear her answer, he went up stairs to his little room, took off his wedding suit, put on his common dress, and sat down by the window. That was in August. When he left the little room up stairs again, the snow was on the ground. And he had had a brain fever, and his head was bald as the back of your hand, and he was feebler than a baby three months old. All the brothers and sisters were there to see him. We helped him to an arm chair by the fire, and then and there all of us promised poor Jerry, on our Bible oath, never to mention the names of Mary Cathcart or Tracy Woodson in his hearing, and never, while he lived, to refer to the story of his disappointment. He wanted to begin a new life, and forget the old, he said. To this day we have kept that promise.

"He never was the same Jerry again, never strong and merry as he had been. For a year he did nothing but wander about the house and farm in a feeble way, and if you spoke to him, he would look up into your face with sad, wistful eyes, which it nearly broke mother's heart to see. All hope and strength seemed gone out of him. After mother died we came west, more on his account than anything else, and the change did him more good than we ever expected from it. But he never went in company with other young people again, and sometimes he would go from home and stay for months. When he would come back, we always knew that the old trouble had been on him."

"But was Mary Cathcart Cora Howard's mother?" asked Net.

"She was. But her match never came to any good. How could it come to good? For there never was a wrong done between man and woman that did not have to be righted by years of suffering. Mark that.

"Tracy Woodson was already a drunkard when Mary Cathcart married him, though she did not know it. He was found dead in an alley one morning, about five years after they were married. What Mary Cathcart suffered in those five years from poverty, from cruelty, from drunken blows and curses, no tongue can tell. It seems that Jerry had kept an eye on them all the time, as we discovered by letters from home, but as long as Woodson lived, would never help them directly. But when Woodson died, it was your Uncle Jerry who paid his funeral expenses, and had Mary made comfortable for the rest of her days. And in a few months she died too, blessing and thanking and praying for Jerry with her latest breath. I think all her suffering must have made a better woman of her. She died with her hand in Jerry's, her eyes looking into his, and Jerry had forgiven her. He had her buried in the old graveyard at home, and a white headstone put to her grave. Some time afterwards Jerry told Squire Howard that he had picked up a little friendless orphan girl, almost a baby, in Cincinnati, and did not want to send her back to the asylum. And he wished Squire Howard would take her to raise. But I never knew, until three years ago, that the little girl was Mary Cathcart's child."

We all sat silent for a few minutes, each busy with the thoughts which suited each, no two of us, most likely, thinking the same thought. Then too, none of us exactly liked to disturb Uncle Joseph, who sat quite still, with his chin between his hands, sorrowfully recalling the memories of that old time.

He spoke presently.

"Look at this, children," he said. "I found it in your Uncle Jerry's writing-desk the day he was buried."

It was a small double locket. On one side was a miniature painting, on ivory, of a most beautiful girl with black hair and eyes, like Cora's, but with a weak, babyish mouth, not a bit like Cora's firm, well-cut lips. It was easy to read what Mary Cathcart had been with that mouth. Anything false or weak could never go with such a mouth as Cora's.

On the other side of the locket was a little photograph picture of a grave with a white headstone, under a tree. And across the picture, in minute letters, in Uncle Jerry's hand, was written:

"Sacred to the memory of the only woman an old bachelor ever loved."

☞ A Chicago man, who had been away from home a few weeks, found on his return that during his absence he had been divorced, that his ex-wife was re-married, that his property had been awarded to her, and that she had adopted as her child the young woman upon whose fabricated testimony the divorce had been granted.

☞ A chemical process has been discovered and perfected in New York, by which white lead can be made in five hours, instead of nearly four months. The white lead can be made either from ore, pig lead or litharge, with equal rapidity, and a very superior quality of color and covering is produced. The increase of weight nearly pays the manufacturing expenses, and companies owning lead mines will find themselves able to fill orders immediately.

☞ A Mobile paper relates a conversation between a couple of lively dames on the street cars. The talk was about a fan. * * * "I set a great deal by this; it is an old Confederate fan, the only thing I have left to remember the Confederacy by." "I should think you had something else." "Ye-es, I lost both my husbands in the war—and my sweetheart. It nearly killed me."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1867.

Notice.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "Lord Ulswater," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

SWARMERY.

Thomas Carlyle has recently published an extremely bitter and sarcastic essay in relation to the passage of the "Reform Bill" in England, of which essay the majority of American readers will be apt to have a very poor opinion.

Mr. Carlyle regards the "Reform Bill" not only as another sweep towards, but as an absolute plunge over Niagara into the gulf of Democracy, which in his view is simply the government of the most ignorant and the meanest, as Aristocracy is the government of the wisest and the best. He evidently holds that the public affairs of England will go on from bad to worse, until legislative corruption and incapacity become so general that some great warrior-statesman, supported by the intelligence and the property of the country, will sweep away the whole "reformed" fabric into perdition, and erect an imperial despotism or an aristocracy in its place.

If we correctly apprehend the state of the case, the "Reform" movement in England has gone beyond the wishes of even so liberal a leader as John Bright, to say nothing of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Bright is not in favor of "manhood suffrage." "Household suffrage" was, we believe, his limit. He wished to extend the suffrage to a large number of working men who were quite intelligent and generally agreed with the liberal party in politics. But that crafty fox, Disraeli, whose political honesty seems not to be generally admitted either by Whigs or Tories, forced an extension of the suffrage, so that it would take in a class below those who were the particular favorites of Mr. Bright and the liberals. It may be that Disraeli considered that this class, owing their enfranchisement to the Tories, might be persuaded, especially when such persuasions were backed by the weighty considerations so extensively used in English elections, to balance by their votes the more intelligent class to which we have alluded.

That the immediate effect on the character of the House of Commons will be very great, we have considerable doubt. Instead of spending from $20,000 to $100,000 to secure his election, a candidate may now have to invest one-fourth more. Only men of large means, now as of old, can afford such expenses.

This English practice of buying the voters is bad enough. But is it so much worse than buying the legislators, as is the practice in the United States? For these members of the House of Commons, who bribe so freely,—as they say from the necessity of the case—cannot be bribed.

But we have been led from the idea with which we commenced this article. We wished to call attention to a very significant term with which Mr. Carlyle has, we think, enriched the English language. That term is swarmery, or, as we should spell it, swarmery.

Mr. Carlyle derives this word from the German word which nearly resembles it, and which is used, in its original meaning, to describe the swarming of bees. Thus as bees swarm together, led by some blind instinct,—and as these will continue to move in a flock, with reason or without reason,—so men manifest a similar tendency, at various periods, to cluster around certain ideas, and to follow together certain principles or notions, without much regard to their inherent truth or importance. Bees will light and swarm at the noise of a beaten tin-kettle just as soon as for that of an organ—sheep will rush together over a precipice as readily as into a fine meadow. The instinct of swarmery is so powerful with them under certain conditions. And just so it is with human beings.

What is the lesson. Only this—that the instinct of swarmery of itself proves nothing—neither in favor of, neither against the justice of the principles or practices involved. It is no reason for the truth of a principle or practice that the whole world has gone mad for it, and will not—yes, even cannot—hear and weigh the evidence on the other side. And it is no absolute reason against the truth of it—though the presumption perhaps may be that as a result of such universal agreement, mankind will run into great extremes, and consequent error.

What was the latter portion of the great French Revolution, with its absurd statements of the "Rights of Man," and its insane worship of the "Goddess of Reason," but a great Swarmery?

What have nearly all the great popular Fanaticisms, political and religious, the Persecutions and Idolatries of the past been, but great Swarmeries.

What is the worship of Juggernaut in Hindoostan, with its insane crowds—shouting wildly when one more bigoted and sincere than his fellows, casts himself under the crushing wheel—what is this but a great Hindoo Swarmery.

It is not only enthusiasm, it is not only bigotry, it is not only ignorance—it is all of these working under the peculiar excitement of human contact, under the mesmeric influence of a huge general sympathy and agreement. Is is, as Mr. Carlyle rightly says—however wrong he may be in its particular application—it is human Swarmery. Let us all avoid being led away from sound and moderate principles in either religious or political affairs, by mere Swarmery.

A TRIBUTE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Post—welcome visitor—often makes my heart glad, but this week it has done what it has seldom done before, made me very sad; for it has brought to me the news of the death of that fair and gifted lady, Mrs. Belle Z. Spencer.

I turn over the old letters accumulated during the past two years to find some characteristic epistles penned by that hand which will write no more. I turn to the sweet "shadow" of herself which she sent me as a Christmas souvenier in '65—a shadow so full of beauty that I always stop to take a second look at it when glancing over the leaves of my album. Then I call to mind the announcement of her death, and say, "can it be?" So young, so gifted, so capable of blessing mankind by the labors of a long life; how can it be for the best that she should be taken? God only can give the answer.

And she is dead!
Her voice, her smile, for eye from earth are fled!
Her soul is gone,
Gone from our knowledge to the great Unknown!
"Dust unto dust" has solemnly been said
Above her queenly head!
Ah, can it be,
The shroud, the pall, the grave, for such as she?
Can the clods rest
Remorselessly upon her noble breast?
And could'st thou not, oh, cruel Death, forbear
To strike a mark so fair?
Oh, Gleaner indiscriminate, declare,
Were there not weeds enough, could'st thou not spare
A rose so rare?
Vain, vain expostulation! she is gone—
Her work is done
On earth, when we had deamed it but begun.
The living mourn—the dead weep not—and she
From tears and sorrow is forever free.

Harriet W. Stillman.

Westerly, R. I. Aug, 1867.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Atlantic Monthly.—The September number of this popular monthly contains the usual variety of well-written articles. Jean Ingelow's new book is noticed unfavorably. We quote the following poem from its pages:—

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

"The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by nobler sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers."—*New York Tribune.*

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the rose, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the Summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Making the Desert Blossom.—The artesian wells in Algeria, long attempted without success, now number probably about one hundred, delivering five or six million *litres* of water per hour, and converting deserts into gardens wherever they have been bored. The work is going on, defrayed by tax upon the benefited population, and is destined to reclaim incalculable wastes. In a single district (Oued Rir) stretching far south into the desert, and now containing thirty-five wells, two thousand new gardens have been formed and one hundred and fifty thousand date trees planted. Four military boring brigades, well provided with implements, and with growing skill and experience, are steadily pushing on the conquest of the desert, and with almost unerring success in every attempt.

Letters to Ladies.

BY MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M. D.

SOCIETY.

In "Women at Home," by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in the June number of The Herald of Health, he has very clearly and truthfully shown that the women of this generation have not the same work that filled the hearts, heads, and hands of those of the past, and that very few have found a substitute for these "lost arts," or rather those which machinery has monopolized. Nevertheless, "'over-work,' 'worn out with care,' etc., are the most common complaints which we hear from chronic invalids, whether in or out of a 'Cure.'"

What can the matter be? There must surely be something wrong somewhere. Now that spinning, weaving, washing, knitting, sewing, and embroidery, even, are all so largely done by machinery, beside sundry inventions to lighten domestic labor, and strong foreign hands for household service, how is it that the American women of this generation are so much more over-burdened than those of the past? The query reminds me of my father's story of an early friend, who, when he was first married, told his wife that he meant to be rich; but she said that she did not want to be rich—she only wanted to be comfortable. The husband got rich, but the wife never got comfortable. He rejoiced in his gain; but neither wealth nor "modern conveniences" could make *her* comfortable. Now to "pick up" and "pick at" the familiar faults which invite feminine infirmities, and prevent us women from being "comfortable," when it seems as if we ought to be, is the object of these letters.

We hear much about being weary with calls and worn out with company. The social element of our nature should be a source of strength and cheer, not of exhaustion and invalidism. If the latter, there must be some fault in the way in which we visit and are visited. If calls and company impose so heavy a tax that we cannot meet it without becoming physically bankrupt, we had better rebel against the laws of society, and make an individual "Declaration of Independence" in this direction. By so doing, I fancy we may not only emancipate ourselves, but our friends, also, from a burdensome bondage. When *we* are at ease we are quite sure to make those about us so.

Have we company for the day? Show them the house and grounds, a place to rest, what we have in the way of books and pictures, and then visit with them when we have the time and strength that we wish to spare. More than this must necessarily be dull and uninteresting to our guests, for made talk has no cheer in it for any body. Many a woman seems to think she is conscientiously doing her Christian duty, when she is hurried with calls and harassed with company which she "don't care a fig for." She talks of her great responsibility as a wife and mother, and seems to think she meets it well, if she maintains the highest social position possible, and so well nigh sunders body and spirit in her effort to keep the family "up with the style of the times." Look over "the claims of society" upon you, and see how much you can curtail them, and still be ready for the reckoning of the Master. I do not mean, by saying this, that you must still be in keeping with the church to which you belong, or the social circle in which you move, but I mean, and still be up to the line of life laid out in that sermon of our Lord which says: "Ye are the salt of the earth," "the light of the world." Would not your salt have more savor, your light shine brighter, if you lessened your social cares? "Godliness with contentment is great gain," in many ways—in every way.

Within the two lids of that "best of books" are simple rules, which, in spirit, cover every relationship in life—at least all family and social claims.

For instance: Do you think you ought to show your hospitality by making a grand party? make yourself a world of work, upset all your family arrangements so that they will not get settled for weeks, that you may feed some hundreds with unwholesome food at unseasonable hours, and thus take all these friends from their own firesides, where they are needed, and where they would be tenfold more comfortable, to give them a bad night's rest, and several bad days afterward? Is this Christian hospitality? What says the word? "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind—for they cannot recompense thee; but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

Do you like the recompense, or is the day of reward too far distant to suit your ideas of prompt payment?

As to the labor required, it is much easier to feed hungry people acceptably than to please the palates of those already fed to the full.

Do you want to extend Christian courtesy in the way of calls? Shall you hire a carriage, and start out with parasol, card-case, etc., to see those who are tired of calls and worn out with company, and who would prefer seeing your card rather than yourself any time? Or will you be of those to whom Jesus will say: "I was sick, and ye visited me; in prison, and ye came unto me?" I do not mean by this that you should find place in your own social circle for every forlornity that you would wish to help. But I do think there is some way to keep bright and strong the links between you and those less favored, so that you can help them up easily, gracefully, a step higher—possibly even to your own place.

"The poor ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good." So, surely, we need not waste our food, our funds, or our time, on those who do not need it. Work which needs to be done brings in return strength to the worker, while those who waste their energies have no such source of healthful invigoration. Hence we note often and with wonder how much those endure who have some good purpose to accomplish, while those grow weak and sickly who have no ennobling work to sustain and strengthen them.

Many years since we had among our invalid band a lady who was greatly admired for her native ability, her many and varied accomplishments. One day she said: "Do you think I shall ever get well?" To which I replied: "I think you might get well, but do not think you ever will." She looked surprised, and inquired: "Why?" "Because," I said, "you have no object in life commensurate with your abilities, and a woman of your power of mind and body suffers more from this lack than one less richly endowed."

She looked very thoughtful for a moment, and then said: "You are right; I have no work which satisfies me, and, what is worse, I don't know where to find any which my friends would be willing for me to engage in." Then followed a frank confession on the utter barrenness of the life of this brilliant woman. Some years after I spent a few days in her city home, where paintings and statuary, carpets and upholstery, all united to please the eye. She had that native grace of manner which enabled her to charm all about her. In her dining-room she took private dancing lessons of a polite Frenchman, because some young nieces wanted auntie to "help fill out the set." In the parlor she played and sang the grave or gay, just as her visitors desired. She helped the poor in private, and was seemingly an outside pillar to all the benevolent institutions in the city. With all this wealth, these accomplishments, this admiration, both in public and in private life, was she happy?

Hear her own confession: "My life is entirely unsatisfactory. Seldom have I an hour to give to pursuits congenial to my taste or comforting to my heart. I am weary of this world of fashion in which I live. I am a slave to society. Once I fancied that some time I should grow strong enough to emancipate myself, but now I am so deeply enchained that death alone will set me free."

I said to her: "Cut loose from this routine of calls and company, and carve out for yourself a course of life such as your own conscience approves." To which she replied: "I have just looked over the list of my calling acquaintances, and have dropped fifty—all I dared to—and retained two hundred whom I have not courage to cut loose from."

"Of the two hundred retained how many have you any real interest in?" I inquired. "Not fifty of them do I care that for," said she, with an emphatic snap of those jeweled fingers. Doubtless this indifference was to a great extent mutual, but neither party had sufficient decision of character to break away from custom. What a wearisome, worthless way to waste Heaven's good gifts, time and strength, which might bless so many! Washing, street-sweeping, rag-picking, better for both body and spirit, and of more service to the world, than living to call on those we don't care for, and who don't care for us. Of all living lies there seems less apology for these than for any others extant.

But you ask: "Must all calls be for charitable purposes?" Certainly not. Go to see your friends, if you have anything to say to them, or do for them, or they for you, and then you will not go amiss. "Like begets like." If you want to see them, they do you. To every rule there are exceptions. Of course, there are unwelcome guests—insects which annoy, and must be borne or brushed off again and again. There are those now, as of old, who "spend their time to hear or to tell some new thing," and that not to any one's advantage. But if we are really anxious to be useful, we shall soon find ourselves members of a social circle which shall be an informal mutual aid society.

But often some of the richest elements of our nature for strength and cheer are buried beneath social shams. There should be an interchange of solace, strength, and cheer, with those about us; not waste, weakness, and weariness, in the vain effort to keep up an artificial interest, a show of gayety and of social standing, which has no substantial support in either head or heart. I once said to an earnest Christian friend that I did not see how the religious world, which denounced dancing parties, could countenance these large assemblies at night, with refreshments at 10 o'clock and a grand supper at 12 That there was bad dressing, bad eating, late hours, etc., and no profitable conversation—nothing but small talk, and that to my mind they had not a redeeming feature, and I could not see that "shaking heel and toe" to the sound of music would make them materially better or worse. To which she replied: "Many women in these days have too much conscience to dance, not sense enough to talk, and so they eat and dress." Whether this criticism of an intelligent Baptist sister a dozen years ago applies to this age I will not say. The question is often asked, whether the children of Christian parents should be allowed to go to parties, theatres, or other gatherings, where late hours and sundry other sins tend to deteriorate their spiritual, mental and physical qualities.

There is a strong element of common sense, of religious sense, in that old Jewish law which held parents responsible for the keeping of the statutes and ordinances of the Most High by their children, till the children had attained a certain age, and then, with public ceremony, the responsibility was transferred from parent to child, after which the latter must give account of himself to Jehovah. Prior to this the parent was answerable *for* all sins of omission or commission.

There are years (how many I cannot say) when parents can hold their children to habits healthful for body and spirit, and make them happy in them. But, sooner or later, manhood and womanhood, or rather boyhood and girlhood, clamors for its own individual sovereignty. Sometimes, such has been the success of home training, and such the plasticity of the youthful nature, that there is no real change of government, so perfectly is the child and parent one. But there are plenty of perverse spirits, who prove for a time prodigal sons and prodigal daughters. If the home training has been a happy one, such will return in penitence before they have lived long on husks. Better than this, many will not wander far enough to waste much in riotous living—only to taste a little of this and that gilded pleasure, to find that it falls so far short of the higher joys home has given that they have no wish to wander further.

Let us try to implant early a cheerful religious faith, so that children shall feel that the Father in heaven would debar them no real healthful pleasure; that He invites them, all along life's journey, to deny themselves this that He may give them something better. Here and there are paths which allure, but do not satisfy. Do not blame and denounce them, when they want to know by experience what you learned in the same way, and thus make them feel repelled and estranged, and so rush on into deeper dissipation to drown disappointment, or in the vain hope of realizing some ideal pleasure. No, rather help them everywhere to see your hand—yes, more, the heavenly Hand, beckoning them back to the paths of simplicity, purity, and peace.

A story to illustrate: A young miss of simple habits and early hours is going out to her first large party, which is to gather when people ought to go to bed, have a grand dinner at the noon of night, and break up in the small hours. Her dress is white, with a tiny dot of blue, and trimmings to match—well suited to her brown hair, which curls so naturally in its rich abundance.

Her mother has her own delight that her once baby daughter has grown to be such a fine-looking young lady, and is half glad that she is to be gratified in seeing the gay world, and half sad that she is now to take her first sail on that social sea where so many shipwreck all healthful habits of body and spirit. When she has finished dressing, she says: "Mother, let us read our evening chapter before I go," and she turned to the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which was next in course, and read with tender tremulousness: "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" These words of the Prophet, spoken to that chosen but wayward people of old, seemed equally a clear note of parental warning to a Christian child looking for pleasure in party life. "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." As she finished reading, the mother said: "Whenever we wander for pleasure and find it not, the good Lord is saying: Return to me and I will give you rest, joy, and peace."

At the genteel hour for going, enveloped in winter wrappings, she gave the good-night kiss, each face bearing a smile and a tear. From the mother's heart went up the silent prayer that this dear lamb, for the first time outside the family fold at night, might be protected from harm; and when she found, as she must, the new field a dry and thirsty one, withered with envy and pride, that she may hearken to the voice which says: "Ho! every one that thirsteth." Christians, old or young, whose chief comfort is social gayety, may well sing:

"Lord, what a wretched land is this,
Which yields us no supply!"

—*The Herald of Health.*

A Shoddy Party.

A New York correspondent of the Boston Journal tells the following story:—One of the citizens of New York was a hatter. He earned a very good living at the business. His wife made vests for a fashionable tailor. She made them very well, and by her industry added very much to the comfort of the household. By one of those sudden turns of fortune which overtake men in this city, the man found himself in possession of quite a sum of money. He abandoned hatting, and his wife gave up making vests. He bought a house in an up-town neighborhood. His wife proposed an *entrée* into good society by giving a large party. The hatting and tailoring acquaintances were to be ignored. They had no others. These were to be made through the party.

Had these people understood the way of doing things in New York, they would have gone to Brown, of Grace Church, paid him a handsome fee, and he would have stocked their parlors with all the company desirable. Instead of this, they took the directory, selected 500 names, among whom were some of the most prominent of our citizens, and sent out invitations right and left for an evening named. No expense was spared to make the occasion a great one. The house was gaudily furnished. The ladies, mother and daughter, expensively and fashionably attired. The table was laid by one of the first caterers. Dodworth was engaged for the music. Waiters were called in, dressed in the clerical garb of black and white. The hour came, but not so the guests. In nothing are the New Yorkers more skittish than about the acquaintances they form and the parties they attend. They will give all they are worth for a ticket to a ball, party, reception, or for a levee where great folks are to be, but they will not accept miscellaneous invitations, though there is plenty to eat. The persons who got up this party were unknown. Strings of young men drifted by the house during the evening. Brilliantly lighted, it attracted general attention. But the ball was silent and the steps deserted. The curious could see anxious persons peering through the blinds at the passers-by, supposing themselves unobserved. At a late hour the gas was turned off. During the whole evening the parlors had been deserted, the splendid table untouched, and the family turned to their couches with feelings better imagined than described. The candidates for fashionable society were sadly disappointed.

Punch as a Prophet.

The Round Table unearths a whimsical prophecy which appeared in a number of Punch, published in October, 1854, and which strangely enough foreshadowed actual events. The prophecy occurred in what was styled, "A Scene from the 'Russian Gent,'" in which among the *dramatis personæ* were the Czar, the Grand Duchess Marie, and a Dr. Cottman from the United States. This gentleman had a conversation with the above-mentioned personages, which is recorded as follows:—

Grand Duck.—Go along with you!
I will not stay and let you make me vain;
Farewell, you flattering Doctor.
Dr. Cottman.—Wal, time flies;
The hour has come for me, likewise, to say
The hour of parting, and absquatulate,
So, about Sitka?
Czar.—Tell your Government
That they shall have it cheap; at their own price;
I'll sell it at a loss, so that I may
The Yankee thorn plant in the British side.
Cottman.—Wal, good-by, Emperor, and good-by, Grand Duke.
Your message I will take to General Pierce,
And we may strike a bargain. You, meanwhilst,
Will lick those cussed Britishers, I hope,
Into a tarnal and universal smash;
Whittle down all their greatness to a point,
Scuttle their island, 'nihilate John Bull,
And of his catawampous carcass leave
No more than an invisible grease-spot.

☞ The young women in Indiana are trying to rival their ball-playing friends by taking part in croquet matches. A game which occupied two hours, and which is said to have been very exciting, was lately played between the "Hoosiers" of Greencastle and the "Lafayettes" of the latter place, there being two ladies and two gentlemen on each side.

☞ Mr. Samuel K Evans, of Evans Centre, Erie county, New York, while giving directions to his son, who was driving a mowing machine, thoughtlessly stepped backward, placing his left foot in front of the knife, which instantly severed it from the leg just above the ankle joint, severely mangling the leg and splitting the bone.

A Misquotation.

John Bright, the Quaker member of the English Parliament, is a good man, and a true; but he doesn't quote the poets correctly in his speeches before that august body of English gentlemen, as we have had occasion to notice, nor yet in less deliberative assemblies, where careful preparation is not so essential.

For example: In a late address of his at Birmingham he alludes to "that great event of which some writer speaks, when he says that—

"'The *beasts* committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.'"

And "loud roars of laughter" are reported to have welcomed the lines and their pertinent application.

Now "Friend" Bright is of Great Britain, and near enough to Ireland to sympathize with her poets in their ministrations to the happiness of their fellow-countrymen, especially in the honors awarded to their great patron saint, Patrick.

Would that he could have heard Tyrone Power sing the song of—

"St. Patrick was a gentleman,
And came of decent paple!"

for if he had, he would never have forgotten these words; their faultless grammar would have saved them from oblivion, if nothing else:

"O, the Wicklow hills is very high,
And so's the Hill o' Howth, sir;
But there's a hill much higher still,
Much higher nor them both, sir;
'Twas on the top of that high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarment—
He gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And he bothered all the varmint!

"O, there's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where the dirty varmints musters,
But there he *put* his old fore *fut*,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went hop! the frogs went pop!
Slap dash into the weather;
And *the snakes committed suicide*
To save themselves from slaughter!"

"Poor Power!" How these lines bring back his bright blue eyes, his sweetest of rollicking voices, his sparkingly-white teeth, his inimitable expression, his compact and graceful figure!

He sailed in the President—the second of our American steamers. "She left our port, and was never heard of more!"—*New York World.*

Law Terms.

Not long since an eminent commercial lawyer related the ensuing anecdote as an illustration of the "composition" which sometimes entered into the selection of a jury.

"I had a very important case," said he, "involving some eighty or a hundred thousand dollars. It was a protracted case, owing to the complicated interests involved in it, and altogether a very tedious trial. When it was finally given to the jury, the judge remarked to them, as they were about leaving the court-room for private consultation, that if, during the progress of the case, any terms of law had been used or any rules stated, that they did not fully understand, the court was prepared beforehand to make all needful explanations.

"Upon this, *one* of the jurors, a man with a high, bald head, and a calm blue eye, upon whose sense of justice I had greatly relied (for he had paid the strictest attention to the entire proceedings) arose and said:—

"'I believe I understand all *the rules* that have been laid down, but there are two terms of *law* that have been a good deal used during the trial that I should like to know the meaning of.'

"'Very well, sir,' responded the judge, 'what terms of law do you allude to?'

"'Well,' said our model juror, 'the words I mean, are the words *plaintiff* and *defendant!*'"

Wasn't *there* a chance for a man to "come by his own" in a law-suit where *such* a juror was the principal member of the "august body?"

☞ Last week, a lady stopping at the White Mountains got lost, and as soon as she discovered this to be the fact she sat down, and stayed where she was till morning, where she was found by her friends, who commenced search for her as soon as her absence was discovered.

☞ During the recent insurrection in Palermo the most horrible atrocities were committed by the insurgents upon the Italian troops. One artilleryman was found nailed to the barracks, and mutilated in the most horrible manner. A carbineer, who refused to cry "Viva la Republica," was stabbed with repeated poniard thrusts, and then, while living, thrown into a fire. One soldier was sentenced to be bitten to death, and the *women* set upon him and literally tore him to pieces with their teeth. The flesh of the captured and tortured soldiers were sold at so much a pound. All this took place, not among men with black skins, nor in the dominions of the King of Dahomey, but among whites and in civilized Europe.

☞ Sidney, Fremont county, Iowa, by a change of the channel of the Missouri river, has been transferred from that state into Otoe county, Nebraska. By this singular freak of the river, some thousands of acres of land and six to eight hundred inhabitants have been added to Nebraska.

☞ There is not in the whole of Switzerland a toll gate. The government forbids by law anything which may tend to interrupt or interfere with travel in or between the different cantons. The magnificent public roads which one finds everywhere throughout the country are kept in order at the expense of the cantons through which they run, the federal authorities having each paid, however, at the construction, one half of the expense.

☞ A Connecticut genius has manufactured a knitting machine that will knit fifty pair of stockings per day, and is so constructed that a stitch can be changed from a rib to a plain almost instantly. There are seventy-five needles in the machine, which will knit sixty turns of an ordinary sized stocking a minute, or 4,500 stitches a minute. This is at the rate of 270,000 stitches an hour! Its weight is but twenty pounds. It knits cotton, silk, worsted or any light material equally as well as woollen. It knits, also, the whole stocking, including the heel. One of these machines, at a recent trial, knit 1,500 yards of stockinet without dropping a stitch or breaking a needle!

☞ William Richardson, of Paulding, Ohio, is one hundred and four years old. The most surprising part of the story is that he has survived five wives, and is living with the sixth; but, having done that much, the probability is that he will live forever.

☞ SHEEP.—Mr. Bordman, a well known wool grower of Illinois, says no hand-washing of sheep he has seen is equal to three swims with an hour or two interval between, and that a wool buyer in an adjoining county gave the best price and greatest praise to the only clip of wool in that county which was washed by swimming the sheep.

TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

It gives us pleasure to see the rapid strides of some of our manufacturing establishments, and one establishment in particular, the "Troy Bell Foundry," started a few years ago, in a room 25 x 70, is now one of the largest and most extensive bell foundries on the continent. There is no need of praising the bells made at this widely-known establishment, as they always *speak* for themselves. But persons, after once purchasing, are so well pleased, they must express their sentiments, and we with pleasure copy the enclosed letter from Rev. James Lynch, Pastor of St. John's Church, Middletown, Ct:

"MIDDLETOWN, Ct., May 8, 1867.

"MESSRS. JONES & Co.,
"*Proprietors Troy Bell Foundry:*

"DEAR SIRS,—Enclosed please find check for the amount remaining due on our bill. It gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the excellent qualities of the bell you have erected for us. *It realizes all our expectations.* Its tone is pleasing, and as powerful as could be expected from any bell of its weight.

"Wishing you all the success which your skill as bell-founders and your honorable business principles merit.

"I am very respectfully yours,
"JAMES LYNCH,
"Pastor of St. John's Church."

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 4th of April, 1866, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 836 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. jy 6-cow10t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

PILLS.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar 16-cow-tf

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS create an appetite and stimulate digestion, give new strength to the whole system, recruit the mental energies, and make the despairing invalid a hale and hearty man. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. CHARLES BENNETT to Miss LUCINDA SCHNAECKENBERG, both of this city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Mr Robinson, Mr. THOMAS RIGGLES, of Washington, D. C., to Miss ANNA MARKLEY, daughter of Geo. Tallman, Esq., of this city.

On the 6th of Aug., 1867, by John G. Wilkes, V. D. M., Mr. ALEXANDER McCLELLAN to Miss CATHARINE MONROW, both of this city.

On the 27th of June, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. LEWIS F. SHUGARS, of Lancaster county, to Miss MARTHA A. GOODMAN, of this city.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. WILLIAM KENNEDY to LIZZIE, daughter of Wm. Namm, Esq., both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Peanel Coombe, Mr. CHARLES SHIVERS, Jr., to Miss KATE FELLMAN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th instant, EDWARD A. JACKSON, in his 58th year.

On the 19th instant, PAMELIA A., wife of Wm. M. Singerly, in her 51st year.

On the 19th instant, SARAH HANNIS, aged 70 years.

On the 19th instant, LEWIS ALEXANDER, in his 50th year.

On the 15th instant, ALBERT ROBERSON, in his 62d year.

On the 18th instant, MRS. MARGARET, wife of David Moore, aged 53 years.

On the 17th instant, WILLIAM A. McBRATH, in his 32d year.

On the 17th instant, CHARLES D. EVERETT, in his 34th year.

On the 17th instant, MRS. ANNA BERCKMIN, in her 52d year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($1.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) $2.00
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving, - - - - - 4.00

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars in *addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

REMONSTRANCE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Daughters of Eve! your mother did not well;
She laid the apple in your father's hand,
And we have read, oh, wonder! what befell,—
The man was not deceived, nor yet could stand;
He chose to lose, for love of her, his throne,—
With her could die, but could not live alone.

Daughters of Eve! he did not fall so low,
Nor fall so far as that sweet woman fell;
For something better than as gods to know,
That husband in that home left off to dwell;
For this, till love be reckoned less than lore,
Shall man be first and best forevermore.

Daughters of Eve! it was for your dear sake
The world's first hero died an uncrowned king;
But God's great pity touched the grand mistake,
And made his married love a sacred thing:
For yet his nobler sons, if aught be true,
Find the lost Eden in their love to you.

Strike the Knot.

"Strike the knot!" said a gentleman one day to his son, who, tired and weary, was leaning on his axe over a log which he had in vain been trying to cleave. Then, looking at the log, the gentleman saw how the boy had hacked and chipped all around the knot without hitting it. Taking the axe, he struck a few sharp blows on the knot, and split the log without difficulty. Smiling, he returned the axe to his son, saying:

"Always strike the knot!"

That was good advice. It is a capital maxim to follow when you are in trouble. Have you a hard sum to do at school? Have you got to face a difficulty? Are you leaving home to live for the first time among strangers? Strike the knot! Look your trouble in the eye, as the bold lion hunter looks in the face of the lion. Never shrink from a painful duty, but step right up and do it. Yes, strike the knot, boys and girls, and you will always conquer your difficulties. Strike the knot, and crack it goes!

☞ A little three-year old, in Boston, a few mornings since, stood by his mother's knee looking his baby brother—a few months old—in the face. At length he inquired, "Mamma, did God make the baby?" "Yes, dear," was the reply. Touching one of the organs to which he referred, with his finger, he continued: "Did God put on his little ears?" "Certainly, my child," said the mother. Waiting a minute, as though in a brown study, or pondering some weighty problem, he again broke out, "Well, I don't see why God couldn't put some more hair on his head as well as put on his ears!"

☞ "Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, have you?" "Yes, Jim, yes." "Well, cheer up, man, adversity tries us, and shows us our best qualities." "Ah, but adversity didn't try me, it was an old vagabond of a Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities."

☞ A chap who was told by a colporteur to "Remember Lot's wife," replied that he had been in trouble enough already about other men's wives.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

I have just been learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving,
And all of its hours of pleasure and pain
Have been slowly and mournfully proving.
Now all that is left of that bright, bright dream,
With its thousand brilliant phases,
Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid,
A coffin under the daisies.

And thus forever throughout the world
Are love and sorrow proving,
There are many sad, sad things in life,
But the saddest of all is loving.
Life often divides far wider than death,
Circumstance the high wall raises,
But better far than two hearts estranged,
Is a low mound starred with daisies.

And so I am glad that we lived as we did
Through the summer of love together,
And that one of us tired, and lay down to rest
Ere the coming of winter weather.
For the sadness of love is love growing cold,
Which is one of its surest phases;
So I thank my God, with a breaking heart,
For that low mound starred with daisies.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER X.

CUBRA'S TEACHING.

When Agnes returned to the drawing-room, having bid adieu to her guest, she did what was with her a very unusual thing indeed—that is nothing. Instead of working, or reading, or drawing, or attending to matters of the house, she sat in her old seat, with her hands on her lap, looking thoughtfully out upon the flower-bordered lawn, but only seeing the pictures in her brain. How long she might have thus remained in dreamland it is impossible to say, for that locality, seductive to all, is particularly so to those who, like her, are comparatively strangers to it, and find themselves there only occasionally; she was soon startled into consciousness, however, by some one moving in another part of the room which lay in shadow.

"Richard!" cried she, in astonishment.—"What, are *you* here?"

"Yes, Agnes. I would not have disturbed you if I could have helped it; but I got the cramp and was obliged to move a limb."

"You frightened me very much, Richard," replied she, with a touch of annoyance in her tone. "Why did you not speak?"

"Because I had nothing to say which would be pleasant to you, or at least one-half as pleasant as the thoughts which were occupying your mind."

"You cannot have read them, Richard, very correctly, if that is the conclusion you have arrived at."

"Yes I have, Agnes. I can tell you what you have been dreaming of, *for it is* a dream which can never have any reality, thank God! You have been dreaming of converting John Carlyon—into a husband."

"Richard!" She had risen to her full height, with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks. "How dare you insult me thus—you that are my own kith and kin! I blush for you."

"No, you are blushing for yourself, Agnes. You have seen this man but an hour or so, and yet the mention of his name turns you scarlet. I saw you when you stepped out with him yonder on the lawn together. You both looked up to where I sat, and then he asked you a question. An inner sense told me what it was as surely as though it had been whispered in my ears. You said that though my manner might have struck him as strange, that I meant no harm. That you really had a great regard for me, being your cousin, and lest he, Mr. Carlyon, should misjudge me, you would confide to him at once that I had had a sunstroke in Barbadoes."

"Heaven is my witness, Richard," interrupted Agnes, earnestly, "that I never uttered one syllable of all this; that even the idea of uttering it never entered into my mind. You will believe my word, Richard, I suppose, in opposition to this inner sense you speak of. Oh! cousin, cousin, for shame."

"How gentle and kind you are with me in consideration of my infirmity!" observed the young man, bitterly. "I dare say you have made up your mind that there shall always be an asylum for me in your own home—that is, if *he* has no objection—when you are married and settled."

He thought she would have flamed up again at this, but her face was now still and pale. Her large eyes gazed upon him in wonder and in sorrow. His fiery dart was turned aside by the shield of pity.

"Yes, you can afford to be patient and forbearing," he went on; "or at least you think you can; though do not be too sure."

A speck of color came into each fair cheek, then vanished instantly as a spark; but her eyes, suddenly stern, retained their firmness.

"I do not wish to threaten you, Agnes."

"Threaten *me!*" Unutterable scorn never took a more graceful shape than in that face and form. "You are mad, Richard."

"No—not mad, but wounded, vexed; that I allow, Agnes. Forgive me. I will school myself to better manners. Why did this man come hither? Why did he ask for *you*, not for your father? Why, as though this room was not sufficiently private for him, did he lead you to yonder arbor?"

"I deny your right, Richard, to ask any such questions; but they are easily answered, thus: Mr. Carlyon came to return me this sketch-book left on the sands on the day when he saved your life and mine. My father has not quitted his room, and therefore could not see him. It was I myself who proposed to take Mr. Carlyon up the hill."

"Good. The rest I know. He asked you for your drawing, and you gave it to him, and he said you had made him happy. I was behind the alcove and heard it all."

"What! *you* played the eavesdropper!"

He had approached her, but she waved him off with a gesture of supreme contempt.

"If you were a poor man, sir, I tell you what you would have been—you would have been a thief!"

"We do not despise the man—the Bible says it—who steals for bread," replied the young man, passionately. "*I* starve, and therefore steal. You, Agnes, are to me the bread for which I hunger; the fire for lack of which my blood runs cold; the drink I thirst for; the atmosphere in which alone I breathe. Oh, listen to me—listen to me, if you have a heart not stone."

He cast himself before her on his knees, and clasped her dress, for she was about to leave the room in terror at his words.

"You are all I have to live for—all. I love you as no woman ever yet was loved. Look you, you have given that man a drawing, and he says that he will prize it; but not as I prize this, although it was no gift at all. I tore it from your sketch-book yesterday, when I thought we had but a few minutes to live. So dear even then was everything belonging to you. I wish we had both died together. Not I alone, for then you would have married this man—which you never shall—no, *never*. Yes, I had rather see you angered thus than pitiful. You never shall."

"Richard!"

"Nay, Agnes, do not look like that—I then feel without heart or hope. Oh! pity me."

From menace to appeal, from love to hate, his mood thus shifted; yet all his face was bright with changeful beauty, like some Eolian harp whose strings obey the tempest or the whispering summer wind as happens, but harmonious to each. Now he lay prostrate on the floor with his face hidden in his hands, and to judge by the movement of his shoulders, sobbing with hysterical violence.

"For shame, Richard! That is not the behavior of a man, but of a spoiled child denied some plaything of which, if it were given him, he would tire in a little time and fret for something else. I cannot stay, and will not, to see you thus conduct yourself. I will send Cubra to you, for I am sure you must need a nurse."

Thoroughly roused to wrath, Agnes disengaged her dress from his now yielding fingers, and left the room. The young man, moaning in a restless manner, like some wild beast in pain, lay where he was.

"What, Master Richard ill again! What have they been doing to my darling?" cried a female voice, speaking with great rapidity, and in broken English. Then followed a torrent of Hindostanee. "Get up, my own, lest the sahib come in and find you thus."

He looked up with an angry scowl. "Let him come, Cubra; I know now how to deal with him. Let him take care."

"Hush, hush! The wise snake gives no rattle. Has Miss Agnes made you angry? She is always doing that."

"No, Cubra, no," replied the young man, rising to his feet, and giving the old black woman his hand, which she covered with kisses; "it is I who was in fault. You must not be vexed with Agnes."

"What! when she does not love my Richard?" She shook her head, its hair more intensely black even than that of her young master, though by a score of years his elder, and her eyes gleamed white with wrath. "No, no. Why not she love you, my beautiful? It is she who should lie there and say, 'Kiss me, Richard, be my husband, be my master.' Tell me how she help it."

"She cares nothing for me; nobody cares for me except you, Cubra. And what is worse, she loves another man."

"She—love—another—man!" echoed the ayah; first in profound wonder, and then with malignant ferocity. "She love another man. Take Cubra's knife—this one she killed the dog with, years ago, that kept my pet awake o'nights with its yelping. Take it and kill him. If Massa Richard is afraid, shall Cubra do it?"

"Certainly not. Never hint at such a thing again, I beg. Throw that knife away. It would be very wrong, very wicked, and would displease me very much indeed, Cubra."

"I always please Master Richard, not make him sorry," returned the black woman, quietly. "What shall we do then? kill *her?*"

"Murderess!" cried the young man, with fury, seizing the ayah by the throat. "Give utterance to that devilish thought again, and I will choke you. Touch my Agnes, injure one shining hair of her bright head, and I would—ugh! you black savage!"

Richard let go his hold and shuddered. The application of the homœopathic principle of like to like, passion to passion, for the time at least, had cured him. The exhibition of such instincts in another had made him sensible of his own unreasonable conduct.

He passed out on the lawn, and up to the alcove which Carlyon and Agnes had lately occupied. There he sat alone, watched by the eyes of Cubra from below, exactly as a man in some trouble, beyond canine sagacity to comprehend, is watched by his faithful dog.

The ayah had been Richard's foster-mother, although not in India. For some reason, best known to Mr. Crawford, the place of the black nurse in whose care he had been brought home had been supplied by Cubra directly the vessel arrived in England; but she loved him as though he had been her charge and comfort from the first. Great and wondrous is the affection which women often evince for the little ones who are indebted to them not for the gift of life, but only for the prolongation of it; but in Cubra's case, this feeling was devotion; nay, idolatry. Without friends, without relatives, without country, without a God, this poor, ignorant creature had found a substitute for them all in Richard Crawford. She was ready to shed her heart's blood for him, and she had given him all that she had to give him short of that. Some of her gifts had better never have been bestowed. He had inherited from her the vehement passions of her Eastern race, not mitigated, and scarcely skinned over by her long contact with the civilized world. His education, such as it was, had done him but little service. His uncle, moody, and at times morose, had never taken kindly to the boy, although he had always done his duty by him in what is falsely termed "essentials," that is, in material requirements. He had not spared money (the child had inherited but very little from his own parents) and had sent him to a respectable school. He had then offered to give him a fair start in any profession, save one, to which he might take a fancy. And here occurred the first considerable breach between the boy and his guardian. Richard had that vehement longing to enter the navy which sometimes seizes upon the English youth with an intensity not to be explained, and upon which as a nation they may well congratulate themselves, but not always as parents and guardians. Mr. Crawford entertained a repugnance for the sea quite as great and as unaccountable as was his nephew's predilection for it. The contest was very violent, and bore bitter fruit. So far as the subject of dispute was concerned, Richard gained his point, inasmuch as he was sent afloat, but instead of being admitted into the Royal Navy, he entered the Merchant Service. His uncle never forgave him his obstinacy, and his own proud spirit deeply resented the being placed in what he considered an inferior branch of his beloved calling.

At the time of his departure on his first voyage—which proved a long one—and just before Mr. Crawford's removal to Mellor, a second ground of offence had arisen. The boy had fallen in love with his cousin—if one of his rash and impetuous nature could be said to fall, and not rather to have leapt headlong over the icy barrier of kinship into the fiery gulf of love. The passion of a youth of sixteen for a girl one year his junior is not generally a very dangerous matter, and especially when there is no sign of its being returned; but it naturally intensified his uncle's prejudice against him, at the same time that it probably forwarded his own views in the matter of his being sent to sea. After an absence of a year or two on the salt water, it was reasonably to be expected that such a cobweb would be blown away from his young brain; and no serious talk had ever been held with him upon the point. Yet now, after being away from the beloved object for no less than five years, the young man had returned home more enamored of her than ever. He had only been at *Greycrags* for a few weeks, and, as we have seen, he had already addressed his cousin in the terms of a passionate lover; and yet the duration of his stay at home was indefinite. This was a state of things the suspicion of which might have aroused the anxiety of any father. Mr. Crawford, however, was not ignorant of the relative position which the two cousins occupied. Not only was he confident of the dutifulness of his daughter, but the sisterly affection which she had at all times manifested towards Richard was evidence to the shrewd old man of her not reciprocating any warmer feeling. She had interceded for him with her father, a hundred times, but never when the favor sought would have been to the lad's hurt, albeit to his gratification. She had shown none of the blind fondness of one who loves, and none of the reticence. Mr. Crawford knew from her own lips that his nephew had offered her his hand, and been refused. She had confided it to him upon the understanding that poor Richard was to be treated none the worse for all that had come and gone. It was, doubtless, owing to this proviso that the young sailor owed the toleration which he enjoyed at Greycrags from his host and kinsman, notwithstanding his audacious aspirations.

Although accepting his position, Richard was by no means grateful for the sufferance. He knew, or thought he knew, that he possessed a claim upon the hospitality of Greycrags, nay, upon the possession of Agnes Crawford for his wife, that only required to be put forward to be allowed; a claim barely acquired, indeed, and base for a man to use,—but still a valid one. Of the game he felt himself certain; whether it was to be obtained by honest play, or by the card which he kept in his sleeve, was the question that now agitated him as he sat in the alcove, endeavoring to nerve himself for the cheat's device by thinking how willingly she had lately sat there by another's side. It was not an easy task; for the young man, although unprincipled and reckless, was not a coward, as we have already seen. He had stooped to at least one meanness, besides that with which we are acquainted: but it was not his nature to be mean. The strength of his master-passion had overthrown all barriers of honor and good faith that interposed themselves to its current, and was now threatening to whelm his whole moral being. Out of the course of this stream there was much good ground and fertile; but, curiously enough, in pursuit of one of the purest objects human heart could desire, his own was indurating and being debased, just as the diamond-seeker burrows in the depths of the mine, or the modern Prometheus seeks the photographic fire with covered face.

"It is only a little less base than Cubra's knife," muttered Richard to himself, after much reflection. "She might hate me for using such a weapon, even though she became my wife. No, no! it cannot be that she will always reject such love as mine. I was wrong to show myself so jealous of the visit of this stranger, although I can see how the old man favors him. Oh, Agnes, Agnes!" exclaimed he, passionately, as with a fervent and almost frenzied gaze, like some fire-worshipper in presence of his divinity, he gazed upon the western hills, now smitten with flame, "if I could only win you fairly, my beloved one!" Then, as he turned to descend, and his eye fell upon Cubra, still keeping her patient watch below, he added, "but fairly or not, Agnes Crawford,"—and there was a bitter sneer in the tone in which he pronounced her name,—"you *shall* be won, and that soon."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PERFECT DAY.

When morning, rising from her eastern couch,
Rolls back the amber curtains of the day,
And, softly flushing, lifts her dewy lids
Beneath the fiery sun's impassioned ray;
As stealing tiptoe o'er the drowsy hills,
She wakes the sleeping flowers by wood and glade,
A tender pain thrills softly through my heart
That all this beauty must so quickly fade.

And when o'er quiet vale and breathless sea
The fervid noon uplifts his gleaming shield,
I softly sigh that he again so soon
The royal sceptre of his power must yield.
And when pale night, with finger on her lip,
Hushes the last faint sound of noisy strife,
And softly spreads her benison of rest
O'er all the care and weariness of life,

I sit and think of the fair dawn that comes
To careworn souls, fadeless and fresh for aye;
And all the tender calm, and peace, and rest
Of the long noontide of eternal day.
Smiling, I cross my palms upon my breast,
And pain and sadness fade like mist away;
Beyond these shadowed morns and changeful noons
Dawns the sweet splendor of a Perfect Day.

☞ WHAT IS A DARLING?—It is the dear, little, beaming girl who meets one on the door-step; who flings her fair arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat, who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily, who places her stylish form at the piano and warbles forth, unsolicited, such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool, and clasps one's hand, and asks eager, unheard-of questions with such bright eyes and flushing face and on whose light, flossy curls one places one's hand and breathes "God bless her!" as the fairy form departs.

THE REAL NATURE OF COMETS.

If the earth's atmosphere, its blue veil of air, should be torn away from it by any strange accident, and left floating in the fields of space, it (the atmosphere) would gather itself into the form of a spheriod, and begin to move around the sun in an eliptical course, such as the comets of our system effect. It would be, in fact, a comet, or small travelling nebula. We should see the stars through a body of this kind, as we do through comets and nebula. As it drew near the sun in its long orbit, it would be rushing with inconceivable swiftness through vast clouds of "bolides," meteorites, and cosmic dust, that atmosphere of solid particles, which form an enormous lenticular cloud revolving about the central orb. Its density would increase as it drew nearer to the sun. The earth increases the density of the atmosphere, that is to say, it increases the effective force of the particles as they rest upon and compress each other. This is one of the results of the universal gravitation of all bodies. By increasing the gravitant force or weight of the particles of gaseous comets approaching it, the sun enables these particles to occupy a smaller space in pressing upon each other. Thus comets are seen to become smaller and brighter as they approach the sun. Those that approach very near, rushing around the sun with tremendous velocity, become so condensed at their centres they even shine as if solid, or at least liquid.

This is a very curious speculation. More curious still, however, is the fact that an examination of the light of comets by spectral and other methods, shows that they are of a mixed constitution, like the nebulæ. That is short, they have persuaded some of the small solid particles to accompany them in their visit to his solar majesty. A comet, let us remember, is a cloud of wind rushing through space so swiftly, that, as it becomes condensed by the solar influence, it will not only move solid particles but ignite them, causing them to shine with fervent heat, as the earth's atmosphere ignites the meteors against which it dashes in its thunderous journey through space.

But it is known that nearly all comets under certain conditions understood by astronomers, exhibit a beam of light, which is sometimes enormously extended and slightly curved. This is called, rather absurdly called, the "tail." A tail, or following, is carried behind; but the major light beam of a comet is the part of the spoke or radius, of an imaginary wheel, of which the sun is the hub, and the earth's orbit the tire.

To illustrate this more clearly, let us contemplate for a moment the long shadow of the earth, projected into space, which we call "night." If the earth were a transparent cloud of gas or vapor, as most comets are, it would have no night. On the contrary, the sunlight would pierce through it, as a beam of light passes through a glass globe filled with water.

A comet approaching the sun is condensed, and being of a globular shape, has all the properties and powers of a gaseous lens, or burning glass, of which the density, and consequently the refracting or bending power over the sun light, increases toward its centre.

The earth's atmosphere acts like a lens, of which all but the edges has been covered with an opaque disc. The sun's rays bend as they pass through the atmosphere, forming a large hollow cone of light, which embraces, or rather incases the night, or earth-shadow, being the twilight, so called, a thin veil, or gauzy sheath of light, which always invests the conical earth-shadow. But in case of the transparent comets there is no opaque disc over the centre of the globular lens. The night cone is a light cone, a long beam of refracted sunlight, shooting out into the depths of space many millions of miles.

In order to become visible, a "beam" of sunlight must be reflected from a surface either of vapor, as clouds, or of a solid body like the moon. There is nothing in the interplanetary spaces to reflect light, unless it be the greater and lesser planets and the meteors. Hence in those parts of the heavens where solid meteors are crowded together in vast numbers, forming a sort of dust cloud, sunlight will show plainly, as a sunbeam shows in shooting along a dusty street. It is the dust that becomes visible to the eye, and not the sunbeam, which is always invisible. Light is not visible in itself, but makes matter visible.

The "tail," or light beam of the comet, concentrated by refraction, can be visible only by reflection, and it is of course more brilliant as the gaseous comet lens or nucleus draws near to the Sun, plunging into that enormous cloud of solid particles that revolves about the solar mass; while at greater distances, as far out from the Sun as we are, the tail is no longer visible, or too faint to be seen, because the meteors are comparatively few in number and wide apart.

If the open heavens around the earth were as densely crowded with reflecting particles as the sun's atmosphere, our twilight, the sun-beams bent through the atmosphere would make for us a faint cometary tail, which would appear to us at midnight like a dim circle of light, or corona with a dark centre overhead. Such would be the appearance of the tail of a comet to a person beholding it from the surface of the comet, at the axis of the gaseous lens.

—*Boston Transcript.* J. D. W.

An Author's Trick.

A French author, finding his reputation impeded by the hostility of the critics, resolved to adopt a little stratagem to assist him in gaining fame and money in spite of his enemies. He dressed himself in a workmanlike attire, and repaired to a distant province, where he took lodgings at a farrier's shop, in which he did a little work every day at the forge and anvil. But the greater part of his time was secretly devoted to the composition of three large volumes of poetry and essays, which he published as the works of a journeyman blacksmith. The trick succeeded—all France was in amazement. The poems of this "child of Nature," this "untutored genius," "inspired son of Vulcan," as he was now called, were immediately praised by the critics, and were soon purchased by everybody. The harmless deceit filled the pockets of the poor poet, who laughed to see the critics writing loquacious praise on an author whose every former effort they made a point of abusing.

☞ HER STOMACH FIRST.—An old lady who had never travelled in the cars, resolved last year to visit Boston. She had no sooner alighted from a car than a man took hold of her arm with the usual "Have a hack?" Looking him full in the face, she drawled out, hesitatingly, "Wa'al, I dosno. Be they good to eat?"

GOOD TEMPER.

It really is provoking, Charles, you never are put out,
Do what I will, I never can a quarrel bring about!
I hate such pliability—'tis silly and absurd;
I like a man to have a will and let me have a word.

If all our lives could be as calm as a summer sea asleep,
Do just imagine, if you can, what dullards we should keep!
A breezy day—a curling stream—an onward rolling sea,
Are like the life you *ought* to lead—the sort of life for me!

I should so like to set you in a passion now and then;
I'm sure I try enough—but no! you're not like other men!
Good temper's aggravating when it's carried out so far,
And, Charles, you put me in a rage to see how calm you are!

You know I'm very hasty, Charles, you never say a word;
We might have famous squabbles, and we might be so absurd!
But, of course, we'd keep them to ourselves, nor let the neighbors know;
And make them up delightfully as we used to long ago.

I can't think what's come over you since we were girl and boy;
We used to quarrel often then, and when had life such joy?
So let us now renew our youth, and fling our years away,
And lead again the happy lives we led in that old day.

I shouldn't so much mind it, Charles, if you would only speak,
And I think I'd be contented if we quarrelled once a week!
'Twould be a great improvement on our stupid, quiet life;
And I think you ought to do it to give pleasure to your wife!

LORD ULSWATER.

CHAPTER LVII.

INVOKES THE LAW.

When Sark, escaping from the house among the market-gardens, and with the smart and anguish of his grief fresh upon him, reached London, he was in a state mind that made him dangerous indeed. But for the Professor's company and counsels, there is little doubt that he would have disregarded all thoughts of his own safety in the thirst for revenge that tormented him as the physical longing for water maddens the shipwrecked wretch, floating, in some foundered vessel's boat, *over dreary leagues of brine*. His first passionate wish was to go down to St. Pagans, and, with his own hands, to wreak his bitter vengeance on the man whom he accused as his wife's murderer.

It cost the Professor infinite trouble to moderate and guide this fierce desire for retribution on the guilty head of him to whom suspicion pointed, and it was only after long and frequent discussions that Sark was induced to submit to the calmer advice of his aged associate.

"You see, Jem, my lad, by attacking him straight face to face, as a dog flies at a bull, you give him all the advantage—you do indeed," urged this old Ulysses of London rascality. "Put it at the best, and say you kill him—"

"And I would kill him," interrupted Sark, with a glittering eye and a compression of the lips that boded no good.

But Brum went on smoothly: "Say you kill him: they hang you for it, Jem. I know what your looks mean. They are welcome, says you. Poor chap, I believe you. But you'd find it main bad work in jail, waiting to be tried, with the chaplain at your elbow, and the remembrance that you let your enemy get a victory after all—two lives for one. Then put it this way: you shoot at him, or stab him, and don't get the best of it—I tell you I've heard he's wonderful strong, and as bold as a lion; I've set eyes on him too, and I believe he's the man they make him out—you get hemp, or you get penal servitude for life, and where are you then? No, no; I've a trick worth two of the knife-and-pistol game." And by degrees, old Brum developed his strategy. Little by little, he brought the Manxman round to his way of thinking; but it was as hard at first to wean the latter from his direct plan of a personal revenge as to restrain a half-tamed jaguar from carnage. The Professor pointed out with considerable force that a much more subtle and complete vengeance might be taken upon Lord Ulswater by the employment of legal means, than by any rash and crude effort to exact a penalty for the crime which lay at his door. "Bring him to book for that other business," advised the wary Professor: "prove against him that he robbed his brother's son of name and property, and did his best to take his life too. Get him tried and convicted, and turn him out a beggar, no Lord Ulswater any more, but John Carnac; a sentenced prisoner, with all England crying shame upon him; and then, if that don't break his spirit, why, take your own course, Jem my man. Safer and easier, I reckon, for you to get into the same gang with a convict at Portland or Bermuda, and settle scores some dark night, than to go hot-foot down to St. Pagans, to play your life again his."

This reasoning prevailed. Without relinquishing his ultimate resolve to exact a life for a life, Sark was brought to see how incomplete would be a measure of retaliation that should leave his foe, at the worst, exempt from all the tortures of public ignominy and a public denunciation. The Manxman's educated mind was sufficiently cultured to enable it to realize the truth, that mental pains surpass in poignancy all that the coarser physical agencies can inflict upon the body. He determined that the destroyer of Loys, the usurper of the Ulswater title, should drink of the cup of shame, and be cast down headlong from the high place he held before the world.

But the difficulties in the way of this æsthetic vengeance were not light or few. The murder in Mill Lane, following so closely on that of Mr. Marsh, had caused an unwonted amount of excitement in London, the rather that in both cases the motive of crime seemed some mysterious reason that set curiosity agape. There were sensation paragraphs and even sensation leading articles in the London newspapers. The Home Office caused bills offering a reward and a free pardon to any accomplice who would turn Queen's evidence, to be posted on the walls, far and near, and the police, taunted by the press for their inactivity, did their best to redeem their reputation for zeal and adroitness.

Brum and Sark, in their refuge, one of those fox-earths, so to speak, of which the veteran coiner had always a choice accessible to him, and which lay in a recondite part of Southwark, felt themselves anything but secure. Indeed, placards, topped by the royal arms, were already inviting attention, on a dead wall hard by, to the reward of fifty pounds offered for the apprehension of the Professor himself, some of whose many aliases were enumerated, and who was known to be the late tenant-in-chief of the wooden house where the murdered woman's body had been discovered. The licensed victualler, to whose friendship Brum had owed the loan of the cottage, had not pushed his good-will so far as to risk his licence by refusing information to the police, and the hunt was hot for the old man in every thieves' quarter of the metropolis. Other posters offered a like recompense for the capture of William Huller, otherwise Bendigo Bill, suspected of being the author of both crimes. Sergeant Sharples, that detective who had met the ex-bushranger at the railway terminus on the very night of the murder beside the river, and who had commented on the man's confused manner and bruised face, had made his report to his superiors, and hence the name of Bendigo Bill was set down in the list of those who were "wanted," according to the technical phraseology of Scotland Yard.

At this pinch, strangely enough, it was less perilous for Sark, runaway prisoner as he was, to traverse London streets than for the old Professor, against whom justice had nothing at that time to allege, save only his imaginary participation in the late murder, to stir abroad. No staring black capitals, with the royal lion and unicorn emblazoned above them, coupled Sark's name with the temptation of a reward for his seizure. He was not on the latest list of the "wanted," that *Index Expurgatorius* of the police. However, if the Professor's person was pretty closely cabined in that coiners' haunt in Westminster (where the privileged rogues of a more superstitious age had found securer sanctuary) to which he had conducted Sark on the night of their hairbreadth escape among the market-gardens, his busy, plotting brain was more active than ever. He knew well enough that the Manxman, or rather the unknown husband of the woman found dead, would infallibly be taxed by popular suspicion as the murderer; and that such indeed was the case was soon proved by the tone of the newspapers. The penny dailies, and some papers priced more highly than a penny, literally gloated over the atrocity of the act, and drew fancy portraits of the missing criminal, together with ingenious speculations as to the motives of his wickedness, some of which evinced immense psychological knowledge of the Rochefoucauld order.

It was necessary that one of the two men should venture out and hold some communication with the outer world, and this duty could best be discharged by Sark. The plan of operations was of old Brum's devise, and it had the merit of combining boldness with caution.

"We must have a lawyer on our side, Jem; can't do nothing without one," the Professor had pronounced *ex cathedrâ*; and Brum was able to point out the very lawyer to serve their turn.

It appeared that the cunning old man, always apprehensive of a prosecution at the instance of the authorities of the Royal Mint or of the Governor and Company managing the affairs of that old Lady of Threadneedle Street with whose autographs he was wont to take such unwarrantable freedom, had long been on the look-out for a solicitor to conduct his defence successfully. He objected to Mr. N. Moss and the like, regular Old Bailey practitioners. Brum was sharp enough to see that a prejudice existed against the clients of these notorious champions of persecuted guilt, and that if many got off unpunished, many fell victims to a jury's incredulity as to the fact of a chronic conspiracy on the part of witnesses to swear away the liberty of all those low-browed, heavy-jowled, down-looking innocents who figured successively in the dock.

Brum had contrived, therefore, to establish a sort of half-acknowledged business connection with a firm of another grade, Greer and Starriker, whose handsome offices lie within half a minute's walk of Chancery Lane. Mr. Greer, the senior partner, knew the law as well as an attorney needs to know it, and the human heart still better than the law. He had been for years confidential clerk, at a high salary, to Messrs. Castles and Tapping, whose titled clients were Legion, and among whose japanned deed-boxes were those that displayed the name of the Right Honorable Lord Ulswater.

Queer stories were whispered, among the rank and file of the famous Inns of Court regiment of Volunteers, as to the reason of Greer's abrupt departure from the office of Castles and Taping. Some said that he had divulged the contents of a will, while others whispered that he had gone so far as to amend that document, by introducing glosses and variations extremely distasteful to the testator, whose heir-at-law was at daggers drawn with his grandfather who made the will, the said heir and George Greer being remarked to be "as thick as thieves," as it was forcibly put, at about the period of the supposed interpolation. It was added, that Mr. Greer was too deep in the secrets of the firm and its clients to make it safe to get rid of him in any other way than by making him a present of his articles, according to a former promise, and bowing him civilly out of the family solicitors' green baize inner doors.

Greer took to himself as a partner another attorney, Starriker, who had money, and who was good at the manipulation of witnesses, but such an incorrigibly vulgar dog as to disgust fastidious litigants. The good address that he had not, his partner possessed. Mr. Greer was a tall, presentable person, with white hands, a smooth face and tongue, and a grave, polished manner. He could be stern when he chose, but he was never coarse; whereas Starriker was a mere buffoon, to whom the free-and-easy club he belonged to was as the *Mermaid* to Ben Jonson and Shakspeare. The firm throve. Greer and Starriker were great at righting the wrongs of the injured butler, out of place because the bins of old port emptied themselves with mysterious celerity, or discharged as unable to explain a defalcation among the table-spoons. To them came the cook whose late mistress had declined to attest her sobriety, the coachman indignant at the mention that would blame him because horses were lean and corn-chest void, the lady's-maid whom the magistrate had refused to commit for lack of sufficiently direct evidence to connect Matilda Lightland with the lost brooch and missing ear-rings, and who one and all now sought reparation of a damaged character from their country's courts or money.

Greer and Starriker got them money. The threat of an action for libel is very potent with the laxest and most timorous of all classes, with which Mr. Greer mainly had to negotiate. They were his milch cows, these bewigged old ladies, these dowagers in lozenged chariots, these Indian officers, well-to-do spinsters, Irish absentee landlords, and miscellaneous fundholders, from whose terrors and indolence he wrung hush-money, and smart-money, and black-mail in all its branches. They all feared the law, feared a bill of costs, feared the abuse of the penny dailies, feared the exposure of a public court, and the browbeating of a barrister. The number of actions which Mr. Greer compromised, as compared with those which fairly came before a jury, must have been very great.

Not confining their business to this one line, the firm consented to take charge of the lighter and more elegant varieties of criminal prosecutions—for fraud and forgery, and so forth. They were known in the Divorce Court, too, where the late Sir Creswell Creswell was said to shake his head as meaningly as Lord Burleigh in the *Critic*, on seeing the names of Greer and Starriker as solicitors for the petitioner. It was to this precious pair, legal harpies, to whom the law appeared only as a convenient engine for extortion, that Brum appealed in his distress.

Greer and Starriker received James Sark, when he came to them, furnished with a letter from the Professor by way of introduction, very well indeed. All was grist that came to their professional mill; and in this case they saw the prospect of profit and celebrity, whatever might be the end of it.

"Good for a couple of thousand, I should say, and a capital advertisement into the bargain!" Mr. Greer had whispered to Mr. Starriker, as he pushed him, with friendly promptitude, out of the room where the interview took place. The senior of the firm had sharp eyes, and he saw that his partner's redfaced jocularity jarred on the visitor's mind and temper.

Mr. Greer took the matter up at once. The sound of Lord Ulswater's title decided him. It was worth a little trouble and risk of costs out of pocket to hook such a leviathan as that. "I'll get him under my thumb, and a precious dance I'll lead him," was the attorney's first thought, his mind running, as usual, in the old grooves. But presently he began to see that Sark was savagely in earnest. Compromises and cash payments were out of the question in this instance, even had the law permitted such brokerage to be applied to so ticklish a subject as the first and weightiest of the four pleas of the crown. But in any case there must be gain, and perhaps glory, to be got out of the dexterous management of such a cause. Two, if not three, capital accusations against a peer of the realm, involving the changing hands of a fair estate and a noble title, where alluring enough to such a practitioner as Mr. Greer. But to bring to grief a client of his old masters, Castles and Taping, and thus constructively to fling a legal bomb or hand-grenade into the office of that decorous firm, that was indeed a sweet morsel to the attorney's taste. It may be that Castles and Taping, while prudently avoiding all scandal and public quarrel, had taken advantage of the limitations of the law of libel to say in private to their ex-confidential clerk what they thought of his conduct and character, and that Mr. Greer had neither forgotten nor forgiven the humble-pie that he had been forced to eat on that occasion.

At anyrate, the lawyer rubbed his hands gleefully, and went vigorously to work. He assured himself that Sark really did mean to be as good as his word in saying that, when matters should be ripe for such a step, he would come into a court of justice, sacrificing his own liberty that he might help to bring Lord Ulswater to the scaffold.

"The heir will pay well, I don't doubt. Being an infant, he must sue by *prochain ami*; but in any case, we shall get costs out of the estate, and a round sum over," said Greer, sanguine of success. "Now for the deposition of that old man. Which hospital did you mention, Mr. Sark? Very good. It is out of the city boundary, and we must have a Middlesex magistrate. Not a stipendiary—too much fuss—always fight shy of a police-court—an unpaid justice answers one's purpose better."

A Middlesex magistrate was provided, in the shape of Maltby Starriker, Esq., first-cousin to the junior partner, and a resident in Talbot Square, W.; not a very uncommon type of the class of persons whom the richest and best educated community in the world is content to hail as its magistracy. Mr. Starriker was a retired distiller, a heavy, elderly man, with a fat, white face, and a melancholy look, as if the *elixir mortis* in which he dealed, "Starriker's London Brandy," had flooded his brains and damped his spirits. His father had made money by this fiery cordial; and the son, as owner of many Marylebone public-houses, had been powerful enough over elections to be conciliated by a justiceship of the peace. He was what is called a practical man, saving half his income, always on the bench at Quarter Sessions, a visiting magistrate, and on the committee for everything—jails, madhouses, and all the heterogeneous work of the Unpaid; and he was understood to nourish a wild ambition one day to write M. P. and D. L. after his name, and be presented at court in his deputy-lieutenant's uniform as member for Marylebone.

This was the magistrate before whom old Benjamin Huller's deposition was duly taken, and both the attorneys, with Brum and Sark, were present. It had been found needful that the Professor should leave his lurking-place, to provide against the risk that his brother-in-law should refuse to make any revelations, on account of Brum's absence; and, thanks, to the precautions adopted, all went well, except for the narrator, who fainted twice during the progress of his story, and at its close fell back upon the pillow, with half-shut eyes and jaw relaxed—nothing but his fluttering breath, and all but imperceptible pulse, proving him still to be of the number of the living.

"He'll never stand in a witness-box to be cross-examined on that statement!" said Mr. Greer, shaking his head.

Brum was conducted back to his haunt in Westminster, but Sark declined to accompany him. He had a work to do, as he told the attorney, but he pledged himself to be in the latter's office at a certain hour on the following Friday; and with that promise, Mr. Greer, who grudged letting the witnesses beyond his immediate reach, was obliged to content himself.

"But the boy—you have not told me where he is," said the solicitor as he parted company with the Manxman at the hospital gate: "very awkward if the other party—ahem!"

Sark smiled a sad smile.

"It is the only secret I have kept from you, sir," he said, "and, begging your pardon, I'll keep it to myself yet for a bit. The little chap has been ill, but the last news I got of him, through Brum, who went out before he knew there was so hot a pursuit, was good news. On Friday, if all goes as I would have it, I'll bring the true Lord Ulswater to your office, gentlemen."

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE DARKNESS BEFORE THE STORM.

Rats run from a falling house, the proverb affirms; and however the skeptic may smile at what our ancestors believed regarding those whiskered, larder-robbing rodents, human rats are undoubtedly wise in their generation, and scent the coming ruin with marvellous perception. The St. Pagans servants, and the St. Pagans hangers-on and followers, and the tenantry and laborers on the Carnac estate, and the Shelton shopkeepers, and such of the Shelton small gentry as were not above savoring the tattle of wonder-loving cooks and housemaids, in confidential intercourse with their mistresses at dinner-ordering hours, whispered much concerning the "goings on" of John, Lord Ulswater. Many tongues wagged about him and his affairs, and the mystery that began to be dimly apparent in connection whith him, like the shadowy winding-sheet worn breast high that Highland seers were wont to mark encircling spectral forms of those about to die. Men and women thought and said, with a quaint relish in thinking and saying it, that there was something wrong at the abbey.

Whence the rumor had its source, it would have been hard to say. Airy tongues syllabled the words, perhaps, but it was none the less true that the once popular peer was getting a bad name among his neighbors. Nobody made a definite indictment against the lord of St. Pagans. That he had behaved shamefully in the breaking off of his present lady-love's betrothal to that excellent, well-principled young man, Mr. Morgan—that he was answerable for the death of that sweet, afflicted angel, Miss Ruth—that he had driven Lady Harriet to seek a new home for her declining years: these damaging facts were held incontrovertible. But there was a great deal more, much less positive, in which the late insolvent doctor, and the attorney Moss, and the Nixons, name of ill savor in the nostrils of respectable ratepayers, bore a hazy but discreditable part, always in some unexplained reference to Lord Ulswater. Even his brother's ill health and early decease—even the death of the boy Guy, illogically mixed up with the apparition of the spectral monk and the traditional malediction pursuing the race of Carnac, were jumbled up together, with Mr. Marsh's ill-starred fortunes and the arrival of William Morgan, like Banquo's ghost, at the picnic among the ruins. Lord Ulswater was not likely to hear the echo of gossip of this kind. There is that merit or demerit in our modern code of manners, that our reputations may be torn to rags behind our unconscious backs without a single good-natured friend's undertaking the office of interpreter between ourselves and the scandal-mongering commonwealth. He was not a man with whom the most thick-skinned of busy-bodies would have cared to take the liberty of telling him that Shelton was engaged in finding him guilty of a variety of monstrous sins unknown; but he was also too keen an observer not to note how his very grooms whispered together, and how awkward was the silence that his coming caused in the stable-yard when he strolled in to visit his horses as of old. Lord Ulswater had come back to his home with his right hand wrapped up, and his arm in a sling; and Lady Harriet had heard, and Miss Hastings had heard, and so had everybody of all degrees at the abbey, the Manor, and the watering-place, how the injury had been received. It was at a country mansion, the house of my Lord Shafton, well known for his strict preserving and liberal hospitality, that the accident had occurred. Nothing could be simpler. Lord Ulswater had been asked—his aunt had even seen the letter—to join a large party assembled there for partridge-shooting; he had gone there; a gun, one of those new-fangled breech-loaders, had burst, and wounded him in the hand—a trifling hurt, but inconvenient, and he had come home to be nursed; that was all.

But somehow, this plain, unvarnished tale by means commanded the universal credence that it deserved. Perhaps Dr. Dennis, who came over, more than once, from Shelton to the abbey, and who was very reticent and constrained in manner when Lady Harriet, kind and fussy, intercepted his retreat to ask all sorts of questions such as good old women will ask—perhaps Dr. Dennis may not have been able to keep his patient's secret from the partner of his joys and woes; and Mrs. Dennis may have confided to her daughters, and possibly to a very dear female friend or two, that Lord Ulswater's wound was by no means such as could have been caused by the bursting of a gun, and that the neat story was a gray lie at best.

It must have been bad enough to have one's own dark thoughts for company, to feel that men and women were growing cold and critical towards an old favorite, to look back across a frightful gulf of sin, and onward athwart a widening abyss of coming sorrow, without enduring severe physical pain at the same time; but Lord Ulswater had this also to bear, and he did not bear it well, though he bore it gayly. His spirits were unnaturally high, now and then, and his courage undimmed, but his temper was more easily ruffled than of old, and he became solitary and sparing of speech. His bandaged right hand, terribly inflamed and severely injured, caused the master of St. Pagans more torment, probably, than his conscience inflicted on him. He had scarcely ever been ill. He chafed against pain as strong, rich natures are apt to chafe against it. It seemed, this sudden wound and helplessness, an earnest of the fate in store for him—a bad omen, as he, in his heathen heart, deemed it. His mental condition at that time was very strange and sad. It seemed to himself as if his mind resembled nothing so much as a dark pool, fathomless, and holding drowned corpses in its unhallowed depths, over the surface of which gleamed and wandered hellish fires, that threw a baleful glare upon the blackness of the night around. Very dismal and desperate was the heart of John Carnac in those latter days, and the light of his undisciplined thoughts was as weird and ghastly as the hovering witch-flames that scare the peasant passing by the stagnant swamp-mere. But his conscience, strictly speaking, did not gall him, as it would have done in the case of a man not wholly lost. His fears of the future were active. He was quite awake to the prospect of punishment; but of repentance, in the true sense of the word, or even of that genuine remorse that would prefer suffering and atonement to impunity without chastisement and pardon, he had not a whit. His nerves had been shaken, his imagination had been impressed; his apprehensions of judgment to come on him unsparingly—these were strong with him; but there was nothing more. He was in evil case, of a truth.

Had he been sincere in his love for Flora Hastings, and did he love her still? Or was his ardor that of the child who chases the butterfly eagerly enough, but cares no more for the prize when he has once crushed its dainty gold-powdered wings in the rude clutch of his hand? He did not know; he asked himself the question cynically, and left it unanswered. His feelings were too complex for a plain yes or no to express them. Flora Hastings was very beautiful; he had taken great pains to win her away from a man who loved her; he had conquered, beating Fortunatus Morgan with his reputed millions at his back, and all England for spectators. She loved him, and that was something; but then it was in ignorance. The Veiled Prophet would not have been very much touched by the devotion of some poor little trembler of a she-proselyte worshipping him afar off, and picturing in her gullish fancy the radiant face beneath those silvery folds. He—the Veiled One—was alone in the secret as to what sort of monstrous visage it was that lurked hidden behind the mask, and he alone knew how the weak adorer would fly, shrieking, from the eye-blasting sight, as from the gaze of a basilisk.

But Miss Hastings was a beautiful young woman, and it would be odious to him—he felt that—to resign her to another man. For any such resignation, there certainly seemed no palpable grounds. The preparations for the marriage were going on with alacrity. It had been agreed that Lord and Lady Ulswater should go abroad for their wedding-tour, and the place selected had been Naples, as more seasonable in the late autumn than the Chines, and Undercliffs, and sea-side retreats of the nuptial Isle of Wight.

That the marriage should be early in November was a settled thing. It was not to be celebrated with any especial splendor. Royalty, even as represented by its youngest scions, was not to grace the ceremony. It had scarcely been considered worth while to bespeak a bishop, even the Bishop of St. Bees, or my Lord of Llampeter. A stray dean, or a roving archdeacon, assisted by a brace of honorary canons, would suffice to tie the knot in such a case. The four bridemaids were not the most beautiful damsels in the Belgravian marriage-market; and moreover they, all four—Lady Emmeline and Lady Eveline, Miss Maud and Miss Ethelind—turned up their little noses at the match, and thought themselves to be placing the bride under an eternal obligation to them—the bride, Flora Hastings, their sovereign but a few months back.

Yes, it was a sad falling off from what might have been, from the glorious flourish of trumpets and clanging of cymbals wherewith Flora, with all her blood and all her beauty, a cousin to everybody, and smiled on by a mighty clan, might have sworn to honor and obey William Morgan, with all his money. Eight bridemaids would hardly have sufficed for such a pattern union as that. The carriages of the guests would have encumbered the streets around St. George's, as if a royal drawing-room were being held. The Duke of Dalswinton, or the Duke of Trent, would have placed Macleakie Palace or Churnwood Lodge, respectively, at the service of the happy pair, in case none of the Welsh or English country residences of the bridegroom should have appeared romantic and luxurious enough for such a honeymoon. But now let the culprits—for such Society, with its ice-cold shoulder turned towards them, proclaimed them—now let them marry and go upon their way, and eat their cold mutton, figuratively speaking, in company through life, and be as poor as a lord and lady may be.

Flora Hastings was not mercenary: she had given proof of that in letting go a hand that was heavy with much gold, and in resigning without a sigh the advantages of enormous wealth, the one drawback to which was a husband. But it is only by an almost superhuman exaltation of character, or by the grossest vanity, that the best of us can be indifferent to the praise or disapprobation of those around us, and the glacial temperature of the world's breath struck a chill to the heart of the poor London belle, acclimated to triumph and adulation. Then, too, grave misgivings assailed her with reference to the man for whom she had given up so many of the world's good things, worldly.

"Dear Lady Harriet," Miss Hastings said on one occasion, when the latter lady was paying one of her rare calls at the manor, "what is all this dreadful mystery? Ah! I know there is a mystery, and I see you know it too. He has no confidence in me. He comes and goes, and looks angry, and harassed, and ill, and tells me nothing. I am sure something is wrong. If it is about money, or anything else, he need not keep it from me, I am sure. He is safe of my sympathy. But he always makes the same evasive answer: Nothing wrong—nothing! And I am to be his wife so soon, and he will not trust me with anything. I only wanted to comfort him—it was for his sake, I'm sure. And indeed, dear Lady Harriet, I am so very miserable."

It presently appeared that Miss Hastings had some solid grounds for her anxiety. She had had a letter from a feminine friend, "Mary Glanville," as she called her, but who was known to Debrett as the Lady Mary Glanville, second daughter of His Grace the Duke of Trent, at present on a visit to Lady Shafton at Poyntz. The duchess and her daughters had not intended to go to Lord Shafton's house till much later in the year, but their plans had been changed, and now Lady Mary wrote in a tone of comic disappointment. "I mean," she said, "to have made you jealous, dear, by flirting outrageously with this affianced hero of yours, and lo! he has given us the slip, and, most provokingly has written to excuse himself from coming to Poyntz at all. I must therefore wait;" &c.

"So you see, Lady Harriet, he was not at Poyntz at all; and yet that story of the shooting-party, and his wound—what am I to think? I do not like to ask him, but it makes me wretched." And Flora wrung her little hands, and began to cry.

Lady Harriet tried to make light of the affair, and to insist that Flora's friend must be mis-

taken, or that the mystification must at any rate be a harmless one. But in her secret soul she felt that all this deception augured badly for her young friend's married happiness.

Lord Ulswater, riding at a slow pace, with slack rein and thoughtful brow, towards Shellton Manor, was hardly aware that his eyes rested on a stranger, in a felt hat and rather shabby velvet coat, who was sitting on a stile beside the road, and sketching the old gabled house. An artist, by his dress no less than by the folding-easel and portfolio that lay near him on the grass. His face was turned away, but he was a well-made, active young man, with bright brown hair falling from under the peaked brigand hat that none but an artist would wear. The pencil trembled in his hand as he caught sight of the horseman passing within pistol-shot, and he took a keen but stealthy survey of Lord Ulswater, who reeked nothing of him.

Meanwhile, the meditations of the engaged suitor were hardly such as a lover's thoughts might be supposed to be. He rode gloomily along, unattended, as it was his caprice to be, and one of the men from the manor stable-yard had to hasten out and hold his horse while he was within doors.—"They can prove nothing;" such were the words that dropped unawares from his lips—"nothing. Those two are dead who could have borne witness. But if the law acquit me, the world's opinion will condemn me. Years afterwards, in some second-rate German spa, or in Italy, tourists will be told that the lonely, sullen-eyed Englishman, shunned by all, is the lord who murdered his nephew. Curse the abbey and all that belongs to it! I should like to burn it to the ground—it was the first temptation to be its master, instead of Jock the Laird's brother, as the blessed law of primogeniture decreed. I should not have been such a bad fellow but for that—who knows?"

And he rode to the door, and dismounted, and went in, to find Flora low spirited and pale, Mrs. Hastings frigidly gracious, and his future brother-in-law, the attaché, as morose and disagreeable as only a prig who feels himself injured can contrive to be. And the artist without, ceasing to draw so soon as Lord Ulswater had gone by, looked after him with haggard eyes bright with hate, and lifting up his sloughed hat, revealed a face that was the face of James Sark.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE OLD LETTERS ARE UNTIED.

The Manxman's time, since he came down from London to the pleasant little bathing-place of Shellton-on-Sea, had not been wasted. He knew no one, and no one knew him. An artist has opportunities of picking up information which are denied to the members of most professions. A surveyor, a lawyer, or a capitalist, making inquiry concerning some local magnate, is sure to find that his inquisitiveness makes the natives as inquisitive as himself. Does he wish to run a railway through Sir John's park? it is pointedly asked; or is his business with the squire's acres and habits likely to end in a Chancery suit, or an application to Sir James Wilde? Is the stranger able and willing to buy poor Lord Lickland's castle? the present noble owner of which lives in two rooms of it, much as a mouse inhabits a cheese; and if so, will the grand old Norman pile be converted into a madhouse, a monster hotel, or a colossal cold-water-curing establishment? But an artist, who is regarded by the unartistic world very much in the light of a harmless lunatic, may pry and question as he will, without being suspected of an eye to anything worse than a desire to paint a picture or to sell one. Therefore, Sark, in his velvet coat and hat of soft felt, was able to learn more of Lord Ulswater and his ways than the best detective within the bills of mortality could have gleaned together in so short a time. Even those visits to Cleckley Common and Nixon's Hut, whereof rumor darkly whispered, were mentioned to the wandering sketcher; and those who told of them were little aware that the auditor could give a better guess than the narrator at the real solution of the enigma. The Professor had at last communicated to his ally the fact that the murderer of Stephen Marsh was no other than William Huller, his, Brum's, nephew, no doubt acting in the interest of Lord Ulswater; and James Sark could easily divine that this bravo lay lurking at Nixon's Hut, out of the way of all ordinary scrutiny. But Bendigo Bill's safety, if possible, had been stipulated for by his old uncle, who was of the old Scottish opinion that blood was thicker than water.

And this is the time to mention a singular dream that haunted Lord Ulswater in his feverish sleep, once, twice, and thrice, and would not be driven away by the exorcisms of a disciplined intellect. John Carnac's sleep, from boyhood up to a very recent time, had been sweet and refreshing, just the sound sleep that belongs theoretically to perfect health and a stainless conscience. His dreams had always been pleasant ones, not vivid strongly marked visions, but airy trifles that burst like foam-balls dancing down the stream, and leave no trace behind.

This dream was of another warp and woof, no air-spun tissue of fairy pageantry, but a drear web woven of black threads from the Valkyr's spindle. It was such a scene from the shadow-world as might have haunted some old heathen ancestor of the Carnac stock, besetting him when his blood was growing cold and his step slow, and his notched battle-axe and dinted shield hung from the rafters of the hall, and the battered ship in which the pirate had floated up river and creek was a sun-cracked wreck upon the beach of the sea-shore. A grim dream.

Lord Ulswater dreamed that he was standing alone in the dried-up bed of a mountain torrent. The water-course was quite dry, and the stones of it sparkled and shone like the jewels of a monarch's crown, in the slanting sunlight. And well might this be so, for every pebble was a precious gem glittering gloriously, and the sands were yellow gold-dust, yielding softly to the tread. Then the dreamer stooped, covetous, and laded himself with a rich burden of the precious stones that lay at his feet, every gem worth a king's ransom. As he picked up the last of them, he heard a low dull roar, like the roll of far-off thunder, growing louder and louder, nearer and nearer, and he knew that the flood was sweeping down upon him, and that he must flee or perish. But he could not flee; his feet refused to obey his will. Rooted to the ground he stood, powerless, motionless, with his massive load of useless treasure, and could not stir from the spot, for all his fears.

Then it came, the roaring, leaping flood, and was upon him with all its waves. Horror! it was not water, but blood, red and warm. It was a stream of blood that hissed in his ears, and bathed his shuddering limbs, and rose and rose, rioting, above his breast, higher and higher, till only his head was above the gory flood, and then his strength came back, and he fought for life, striving to reach the bank. He was a strong swimmer. How the heavy heap of jewels bore him down! With a shriek, he let them fall into the red stream, fighting on, straining every sinew, gaining the bank so nearly, that one more effort would place him in safety. What cruel hand is that that drags him down? A woman's hand, cold, clammy to the touch, the hand of one that was dead. A poor little hand, with white fingers cut and gashed by the knife, rose up above the tide to grapple with him as he struggled, and a woman's long dark hair floated up to the surface, and he, loathing and in agonies of fear, was dragged and drawn down beneath the red flood, to meet the dead face of Loys rising from the depths, close to his; and the torture of that dreadful thing was more than he could bear, and with a smothered cry he awoke, gasping.

It was a frightful vision of the night that awaited John Carnac when he laid him down to sleep, and sleep grew hateful to him, and the earth a place of pain, and his hell had begun for him while the evil he had done was yet new. Meanwhile, his enemy, thirsting and hungering for vengeance, dogged him like his shadow, following his steps, either in the spirit or in the body, and stanch as a sleuth-hound to the track of its prey.

As Lord Ulswater rode so slowly past the stranger artist, with no one else in sight, and but a few yards of space between them, a space that the active Manxman could have cleared at a bound, the two were virtually alone together. The pencil quivered in Sark's hand, and a red film seemed to creep over his eyes, while his heart beat as fast as the wings of a hurt hawk flap the ground. There, within easy reach, was the man who had so wronged him. A spring forward, and his foe would be in his grasp. But no! A rash and futile attack would but rob him of his revenge. He must perforce be patient. John Carnac's careless attitude, as he sat leaning idly forward in the saddle, his arm still in a sling, did not prevent him from looking lithe and stalwart, the very type of graceful strength. Sark held but little to his life, now that the sunshine had gone out of his life, but he was unwilling to afford a new victory to the handsome homicide, who had hitherto foiled him so fatally. He was without weapons. To rush, unarmed, upon such an antagonist as that, would be as mad for a man to try conclusions with a lion, with nothing but his naked hands to help him in the death-struggle. For aught he knew, his enemy's right arm might not be really disabled.

Lord Ulswater, then, passed on unmolested; and Sark, gazing after him, took from his pocket the little bundle of letters which old Brum had picked up from the floor of the upper room of the house among the market-gardens, where it had been tossed, unseen, amid the contents of rifled chests and boxes. It was tied with faded ribbon, that had perhaps been worn by Loys. The widower hesitated to untie it, but he set his teeth hard, and undid the knots. The letters, with the ink of some of them discolored by age and the moist sea-air, fell in a heap upon the open sketch-book that now rested on his knee. In his hand remained something harder and heavier, wrapped in silver-paper. He removed this, not roughly, but with careful dexterity, and a small picture in a gilt frame was revealed.

A picture indeed, but drawn by no less mighty a limner than the sun—a photograph. No production of some celebrated London manufacturer of likenesses—no sample from the studio of a world-renowned photographer, fattening on the proceeds of his gainful partnership with Phœbus Apollo: this was signed by an obscure dabbler in collodion, a vagrant taker of portraits, travelling the country with a van as Thespis travelled with a cart, but with whom Sol did not disdain to take a share in the business. It was a colored sun-picture, representing two persons standing together beside a rock-banked mountain-stream—a man and a woman, both young and both beautiful. The first of these, a gentleman, as might well be seen, though dressed in such a garb as befits a pedestrian among the hills, with creel and knapsack, and an angling-rod in his hand, was a gallant figure to look upon. The second was a handsome, dark-haired girl, simply dressed, with a native grace about her bearing that was very winning. A lissom, lovely creature, in early womanhood, as her companion was in early manhood, but giving promise of a riper and richer beauty in years to come.

Perhaps the poor photographer had been one of those old ivory-staining miniature-painters, starved out by the camera as postboys by the railway; but at anyrate he handled the brush well, and had been careful and discreet with his colors. Loys and the Honorable John Carnac. No doubt, the wandering man of tint and chemicals had done his very best to pleasure the open-handed young gentleman, fishing in Furness, and had brought out his apparatus to the banks of the stream where the young folks were wont to meet, and had kept their secret, and earned his extra pay by extra care and discretion. He had made a good likeness of the tall, noble-looking lad with golden hair, and the pretty brunette standing near, with one little hand coyly resting on her lover's arm. Loys did not look nearly so much like Jael the manslayer as afterwards at St. Pagans. It took sorrow, and rage, and hot tears of angry shame, to bring that dark, doomed look upon her fiercely beautiful face.

The widower gazed after the receding figure of the horseman, and then his eyes fell again upon the double portrait, and he ground his teeth, and drew a long deep breath, like a diver rising to the surface. "That fair-faced devil," he said hoarsely, "had he not harmed her enough, years ago!" and he seemed about to crush the picture beneath his heel, but he restrained the senseless impulse of destructiveness. "It cannot feel, this daub!" he said with bitter emphasis. "Even this may aid the evidence. Let us see!" And he began to examine the letters one by one.

Old love-letters are sad reading always perhaps. Is it pleasant to a man, or a woman either, to go through the perusal of the yellowed pages full of vows cancelled long ago, of promises broken, and little sweet quips and turns of speech whence the savor, and the sweetness, and the wit have utterly departed, and for ever! Here are the fond phrases penned, more years since than you care to count, to the mistress for whom you care as much as for last winter's snow. What a lucky escape you had from her, and with what flower-juice had Puck rubbed your bewitched eye-lids as you slept, that you should have laid down your heart for a football for such a jilting, shallow-souled jade as that! Again, here are the few short notes, treasured up along with a withered rose and a kid glove, white once, but Isabella-colored now, written to you by that sweet girl who ended by marrying a middle-aged man with a shining, bald forehead, and whiskers large and red. Or, if of the opposite sex, there are more lively studies than those of the captain's effusions, with bits of poetry, perhaps, checkering the impassioned prose—the captain's, who turned out so badly in India, marrying the half-caste heiress, and then beating her when her rupees were gone, drinking, gambling, quarrelling, and now to be seen any day on the pier at Boulogne, a broken-down, branded man.

It is painful in another way, too, to re-read the letters that we wrote to those whose love was enduring and faithful, dead long since, or those which their dear hands, never to press ours more, once traced upon the paper that is mouldering, too, and is stained and blurred with age. But worst and gloomiest of all is the work of the man who looks over the hoarded correspondence of the dead wife that he loved, and reads the letters she penned to another man in the pale dim past, and those that he wrote to her, and that she has kissed, and fondled, and garnered in her bosom as girls are apt to caress the insensible paper on which the burning words have been traced. Jealousy is a plant of surprising vitality, and can exist even where no love is, save self-love; so that a narrow-hearted man may dislike his wife's child-admirers of school-room days and juvenile balls, and his wife's brothers and sisters, and his wife's lapdog, and all that she ever cared for, save him alone. It is not wonderful that James Sark, glancing over the notes that had once passed between Loys Fleming and Mr. Carnac, was cut to the heart again and again.

Old love-letters should surely be burned as unpityingly as high-caste Hindu widows were used to be, in the palmy period of Brahmanical observance. They sting like dead wasps, sometimes. Sark was stung by the words that met his eye, and yet they were not greater tell-tales than those that lie lurking in many a desk and many a dressing-case. Why had the poor thing kept these, long after her love had changed to hate? She was a good wife, true as steel. But even good wives sometimes cherish a strange tenderness for some bygone bit of romance, that had better have been dipped in Lethe, and drowned there. He who had been her husband was not unjust to her memory now. She had been very fond and faithful to him; whatever the shadow of evil that rested on her earlier life, as his wife she had done her duty well and honestly. He showed his sense of the fact now, in the care with which he handled those old letters that it was pain for him to read, not rudely crushing them with hasty fingers, but refolding them with gentle touch, as we deal with the dead that we love. For Loys had written them or read them, and her breath seemed still to be upon his cheek as he turned the pages, and he was tender even of the letters, for her sake.

And presently his patience was rewarded. Written in newer ink, the blackness of which was yet untarnished, was a letter, the cover of which bore the words: "For my dear husband. L. S." The poor girl had written it with some secret presentiment, it would seem, of the violent and fearful fate in store for her. It was an explicit narrative or confession of the part which she had played at St. Pagans as nurse to the late lord's only child, and an avowal of her motives for aiding in the vile conspiracy to make John Carnac heir of all. "It was for the sake of my dear James"—so she wrote—"he was in prison, and we were poor. But I was not quite the fiend John Carnac thought me. The innocent boy smiled as he lay there in his bed, and my heart, that had been so hardened and desperate, was touched somehow—I don't know how—and I had mercy then—who ever showed it to me?" These last words had a terrible significance now, read by the lurid light of the hideous past. Sark read them with dry, tearless eyes, but he groaned aloud and hid his face.

Before the post closed on that day at Shellton-on-Sea, this confession, under cover to Mr. Greer the attorney, lay among the registered letters destined for London.

CHAPTER LX.

EARTH TO EARTH.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!" The handful of loose sand and pebbles rattled on the coffin below, as they were dropped into the open grave, half carelessly, in compliance with custom. The clergyman read the solemn words of the burial-service in a hurried monotone, glad to get a disagreeable duty over as rapidly as was consistent with decency. The ugly suburban cemetery, damp and raw-looking, with its streets of white head-stones, its sprinkling of mausoleo or other pretentious tombs, and its numerous mounds, beneath which lay the unnamed dead of the poor, was no agreeable place wherein for a narrow chested curate to linger on that rainy autumn day. A very humble funeral, unattended by mourners, and as devoid of the gloomy pomp of plume, and scarf, and undertaker's finery as it was, of the loving train of friends, whose streaming eyes and honest grief not seldom put to shame the worldly faces looking coldly out of the windows of mourning coach and complimentary carriage.

But there were many spectators present—a crowd; for it was Loys that was buried that day—the dead woman found murdered in old Vanpeerenboom's wooden cottage among the market-gardens not far off, dwelling hereafter to be shunned as a haunted and accursed house, but the likeness of which, engraved on wood, or etched on steel, figured that week in several illustrated periodicals. The dust that was that day to be restored to its kindred clay was that of poor Loys, on whom an inquest had, of course, been held; and who had been placed in her coffin by the hands of strangers, without one who cared for her to follow her body to the last earthly resting-place—only that gaping crowd of gazers.

The ceremony, such as it was, was huddled over and done with, and a few spadefuls of the gravel, just enough to hide the plain coffin from view, were cast into the grave, and then the sexton went off to his dinner, meaning to return and finish his job later in the day. The young curate had taken himself and his chronic cold and wet surplice out of the damp cemetery as soon as the last sentence prescribed by the rubric had been spoken. The lookers-on dropped off in twos and threes, the children loitering the longest; and then two men, one of whom was dressed in black, and had a crape on his hat, but who had kept quite away among the distant headstones, as if studying the inscriptions, drew nearer and nearer; and the younger of them, breaking from the other's hold, sprang forward, and fell on his knees on the brink of the open grave, sobbing passionately. "Oh, Loys, dear! My dear, dead Loys!"

The children lingering about the gate, in the vague hope that the show of the day, which had been disappointingly tame and soon over, might yet have its after-piece or epilogue, got up quite a little excitement about the conduct of this stranger kneeling by the grave. Their chattering and pointing alarmed old Brum, disconsolate in the background, and he urged his comrade to retire before he should be discovered. "Once they get the bracelets on you, you're a gone coon!" said the Professor, who had lived with Yankees in his day, and had profited by the intercourse. James did not seem to hear him. He was bending over the yawning pit that held the form of her he had loved so well, and talking wildly, as if his dead wife could hear his words, and rise at his entreaty. It was a melancholy sight to see. There must have been good left in the heart of a man who was capable of such great love. Sark was a wayward, restless Ishmaelite, justly outlawed, a law-breaker and a prison-breaker; but there must have been some redemption possible for him, *quia multum amavit*. A capacity for loving is not universally to be found among the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve. Many worthy men and virtuous women go through a long life of unimpeachable rectitude, and have no more notion, from their first childhood to their second, of what love means than a blind man has of colors.

"Now, Jem, Jem!" Brum almost wrung his hands; it was so provoking. He had been persuaded, against his own judgment, to countenance this rash act, this coming to the funeral, and poor Sark had promised to be very prudent, and here he was behaving in this way, calling attention to his presence in that spot, and attracting notice which might prove fatal to the whole plan of the campaign. "Don't be a baby, old chap!" pleaded the Professor; "it don't do no manner of good, none at all. She can't hear you, poor soul!"

"How do you know that?" asked Sark fiercely; but in a moment more he held out his hand in sign of amity. "You mean kindly, Brum," he said with a sob, dashing away the tears that stood in his eyes and dimmed his sight—"you mean well to me, and you meant well to her, poor lass! And I am a fool and a muff, I know, to run the risk of being collared as James Sark, the forger and the thief, just because the only thing that ever cared a straw for me since my old mother's lifetime lies here." He tried to rise, but threw himself down again so frantically that Brum almost thought he was about to fling himself into the grave before him, and broke out afresh: "Oh, Brum, old man, what matters my liberty to me? I wish they'd hang me outright, and let me go to her, wherever she is, away from here. Wasn't it enough to be forced to leave her to strangers, to be stared at, and thrust into her coffin, and covered up from men's sight forever, without being forbidden so much as to follow her to her long home—my dear, my darling!—Let me be, Professor. I care for nothing now."

All this was immensely interesting to the children, who came nearer and nearer, observant of the strange man's wild gestures, and eager to hear his words, and to know whether he were mad, or drunk, or merely a play-actor, that he spoke and gesticulated thus. Brum turned upon them with a volley of oaths that drove them back, frightened, to the gate, and then following them there, as a new idea struck him, he made friends with them by distributing peace offerings of halfpence and small silver among them. "There," he said, "go and buy bull's-eyes, or oranges, or something, but don't bother the gentlemen there, that's good children. He ain't quite right"—and Brum tapped his forehead—"so don't you get too near him, my kids."

Having bought off his young tormentors with this black-mail, and seeing them run in a cluster towards the nearest apple-stall, the Professor went back to James Sark. "Jem," he said, "every minute you stop here is throwing away a chance. The young uns will go talking about, and send a lot more to look at the madman in the burying-ground. That gardener fellow, too, he's left off work to watch you. I'll bet a sovereign to sixpence he's turning it over in his stupid head whether you and me are them that the government has offered a reward for. Once let a whisper reach the police station, and—"

"Yes, you're right," interrupted Sark, drying his eyes, and brushing away the gravel from his clothes as he prepared to rise. "I'm more my own man now." He bent his head, and kissed the earth beside the new-dug grave, as he had kissed the cold face of her over whom it was to lie. "Good-bye, Loys, good-bye, my own!" he murmured, in so low a voice that it escaped Brum's ear; and then he rose to his feet. "I'm ready to go," he said, turning his face away from the grave.

Brum looked apprehensively at his fixed look and colorless cheek. "Lean on me a bit, old fellow; you're ill," said the sympathetic Professor, who was himself nearer to snivelling, as he called it, in his secret heart, than seemed worthy of a philosopher like himself.

But Sark declined the old man's offered arm. He walked away slowly, and with faltering steps and bowed shoulders, as if age had come suddenly upon him; but he neither spoke nor threw one glance behind him, until the cemetery was left far distant, and the two were in a bustling suburban road, within sight of one of those railway-stations, of preternatural ugliness, which rise like brick-and-mortar giants in the outskirts of London. By this time, the Manxman was walking stoutly and well. It seemed as if every pace that intervened between him and that sad resting-place where Loys had been laid to sleep had taken away something from the weakness that had come upon him in the deserted cemetery. He turned to Brum, and his eyes were bright, and his voice almost cheerful as he said: "You are a patient mate, Professor. I shan't be ungrateful, old man. A little more patience, and then— Come and take our tickets, Brum. I hear the train coming to carry us to town."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ While our population has not doubled, our consumption of opium has increased nearly five fold; that is, instead of 41,000 pounds of opium which would have been the regular ratio for the increase of inhabitants, we imported three times that amount in 1860. Now, this increased use of opium is not to be accounted for by any increased use of the drug as a medicine—though this has doubtless been very great, especially in the quack nostrums of the day; but must be attributed to the multiplication of opium eaters in the United States.

☞ Two of the handsomest Kings in Europe are now in Paris; the King of Bavaria, so handsome and romantic that all the girls in his kingdom have their heads turned about him; and the King of Portugal, who is married to the second daughter of the King of Italy.

The American World.

[The following curious article is copied from *La Vie Parisienne*, a well written, spicy weekly paper, published in Paris, which goes exclusively into the fashionable world.]

"What most strikes the stranger at New York is the nomadic character of its inhabitants, even of the most rich; their style of living indicates the temporary. The home is a stranger to them; it seems as if society with them had not had time to constitute itself. Thus, when a lady wishes to give a *soirée* or a dinner, her parlor and dining-room not being adequate for a reception, she is obliged to go to the nearest hotel to seek the necessary accommodations. Is not this primitive enough? Imagine our fashionable Paris ladies inviting their friends to the *Salon de cent couverts, pour noces et festins, aux Amis reunis*. We see that there is an ocean between the two civilizations—and we only say two to be polite. Moreover there are no domestics at New York; what they have are simple *valets de place*, who are always discharged at the end of a week. Brother Jonathan has already too heavy a load to carry for me to add another stone to the pile. He puts his foot a little everywhere, as every one knows; by force of rudeness he renders the life of every Frenchman who goes to his country on business (no one would go for anything else) perfectly odious. This is all so well known that we shall drop the American man and take up the American woman.

"One can hardly believe how much these fierce republicans of the United States are aristocrats, in their tendencies at least. Jonathan dreams of but one thing—to have a titled man for a son-in-law. A title is also the subject of the dreams of the young American girls. Marriage negotiations are, among this people, stamped with a mercantilism of the most barefaced kind. They stick the market price straight at you. 'My daughter has a million, and she will only accept the hand of a man who will open for her the Faubourg St. Germain.'

"If, therefore, as we are assured, the boats of this year are going to bring over thirty thousand young American girls in search of husbands, there will be no possible pretext for a titled man to remain poor; or at least this category of society will become so rare as to finish this by being sought after. Struck with this circumstance I had already thought of a section in the Universal Exhibition for young men who would gain by being known, but the time is wanting for developing the idea. In any case, says an objector, you will only have at Paris the refuse of the young ladies in the market. But I may ask, do you know of what this refuse consists? Of the healthiest, the most flourishing, the handsomest portion of the New World. Yes, the Yankee, with broad and round shoulders and patibulary extremities; the Yankee, who carries on his chin a goatee without moustache—the ornament of our pork-sellers and porters—the Yankee likes only the poetical, ethereal woman—a little consumption does not frighten him—he seems not to care to contract an engagement with any one who promises to last very long. In this view Miss Adah Menken is a rispah of love in the American estimation. Too much health. We see, therefore, the result of this proscription in mass of the handsomest girls of the nation, the hatred of their countrymen, and the leaning toward foreigners. I tell you it is going to be a regular avalanche.

"There is going on at this moment a prodigious exchange of letters between the two Continents. A great many Parisians, admitted into American society in Paris, have been put into epistolary relations with widows at New York who desire to marry again, but who are retained on the other shore *by circumstances*; they console themselves by exchanging mutual and transatlantic sympathies. The most anxious have recourse to the electric cable. Love, marriage, quick!

"The American women are in general better educated than French women. As for their beauty, we have enough specimens at Paris to be edified on that point. But one of their characteristic defects is a very pronounced personal sentiment, which pierces through the, in appearance, best founded conjugal situations. The wife always speaks of the fortune of the family as her fortune. An American woman believes readily that one and one make two, but not that two make one. She would submit herself more readily to the dogma of the Trinity. She lives almost always separated in goods from her husband, in thought, at least. This concession made to a national prejudice, it appears that one may live as happily with a *New Yorkaise*, as with another woman.

"At the last reception of the representative of the United States at Paris, a Frenchman, who neither shines by his beauty or anything else but a high-sounding name, met with a tremendous success. For this reason alone he was asked if he did not desire to be presented to Miss X———. He did not care about it. He was pressed; that handsome *blonde* over there, was *dying* to make his acquaintance. At last he consented—with indifference, and he found himself monopolized for the rest of the evening.

"And now that you have been made acquainted with American manners, put yourself, dear reader, under arms, and get yourself presented in a house like that, for example, of Gen. X———, and all you will have to do is to choose. 'But,' you will say, 'I have not the least bit of a title!' Oh! how green you are! for the time we live in."

☞ The Post says that "Woman is composed of 243 bones, 169 muscles, and 806 pins. Fearfully and wonderfully made, and to be handled with care to avoid scratches."

☞ A party of Brown University students who left Providence July 5th for a pedestrian tour, arrived back on Friday last, having marched 600 miles on foot and 283 miles by water.

☞ The only place on the continent where the famous Egyptian lotus grows naturally is in a pond in Middlesex county, Conn. How it first came there is a mystery to naturalists.

☞ Millard Fillmore lives in a very delightful way in Buffalo. He has an elegant home, where he spends a portion of the day in reading. Several hours of each day he spends most faithfully at his office, engaged in the study of the classics.

☞ At a pic-nic near Panama Station, Chautauqua county, a lad of 12 years, picked up a gun which he supposed to be empty, pointed it at a little son of Samuel Smiley, aged 5 years, with the remark, "I am going to shoot Jesy." To his dismay it discharged, the contents entering the side of the face and neck. The little fellow survived but five hours.

Saving Drowning Persons.

The Cape May Ocean Wave gives the following sensible hints to bathers:—At this season of the year, when bathing is the fashion, and when there are so very many instances of persons drowning, a few sensible ideas in regard to what ought to be done at dangerous times may save many lives. Persons who swim and frequent the water ought to have some good plan of procedure impressed on their minds, so that, in case of accident, it might be of service. We give the following hints, which are taken from a work on the art of swimming:—

"If you have any distance to swim, the wisest plan would be to undress, which can be done in a few seconds. You have then more freedom of limb, and can rush through the water with speed and alacrity. And if the drowning person should succeed in clutching you, your chances of freeing yourself, being naked, are innumerable compared with what they would have been had you been hampered with your wet clothing. When you approach the drowning person watch diligently for an opportunity, and seize him by the arm below the shoulder. You will, in this position, be enabled to keep him at arm's length before you, and exercise more perfect control over his and your own movements. His face being from you, the temptation to grapple with you is removed, and you have more facility to make to the shore or more convenient place of landing. Never attempt to seize a drowning person by the hair of the head. There is a great danger to be apprehended in so doing, for the arms are at liberty and you are liable to be caught in a death grip at any moment."

Plenty of Cigars.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia City Item, writing from Long Branch, N. J., says: It is a blessed thing Gen. Grant came down here. We have been dying for want of excitement. The hotels have been about half-full, and everything was not what it ought to be, but the arrival of the general brought a crowd. Everybody rushed down—politicians in abundance, and poor Grant was worried almost sick by their frantic attempts to button-hole him. In despair, he hired a team and took Mrs. Grant out riding, knowing that was the only way to get rid of his "friends." The general really suffers from this enthusiasm which greets him wherever he goes. "I like to be quiet," he said to me the other day, "but as you see, they never permit me to remain alone." "Come to my parlor," I said. So we went there and locked the door. Grant sat down with a sigh of ineffable satisfaction, and smiled when I offered him a cigar. "Do you know," he said on taking it, "that since the newspapers have been advertising my habit of smoking, I have had boxes of cigars enough sent me to open a large cigar store? Look at my pockets," he added, with a comical shrug of the shoulders. Would you believe it? Every pocket was filled with cigars. "I can't help it," he said; "every one I meet insists upon my taking a cigar. Behold the result. My wife empties my pockets at night, and declares it is too bad."

How to Train Boys.

"E. H. Arr," in writing to the Springfield Republican, gives some sensible remarks in regard to training up a boy in the way he should go. She says:

"Hosts of selfish, thoughtless mothers shall send upon us another generation of listless, rapid sons, open to temptation. Years ago, a son of my own was the object of pleasant theories and plans. An unerring teacher took him hence; yet have I learned through him to look with loving eyes on other women's sons, and think what I would do for them. Oh, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boys natures. Make the most of any gentle taste or comely propensity. Encourage them to love flowers, pictures, and all the beautiful things which God has made. Talk with them, read to them, go out with them into the fields and woods, and hallow pleasant scenes with holy memories. A daily ministration to their unfurnished hungry minds, a daily touch to their unformed taste, shall make them more comely than costly garments. They will ever bear you witness in the character and conduct of your children; but your laces and embroideries will crumble into dust. Why don't mothers teach their children more, and dress them less?"

TEARS.—An eminent lawyer in Missouri, addressed a jury with great effect and so much pathos that at several points he was unable to restrain his feelings, the tears, running down his cheeks. "Gentlemen of the jury," said his opponent, "I have known brother Wright several years, we were quite intimate, and have just been on a fishing tour, and while on the trip this piece of paper fell from his pocket; I saved it, and find it was a leaf from his speech, and, gentlemen, it is the crying leaf, for you will notice at certain points, at the end of sentences, he has marked 'tears, tears,'—now, gentlemen, I have watched him, and he put the tears in every time."

☞ A young lady who has been the reigning belle in Boston for some years, and who is now growing rather *passé*, and afraid of losing her laurels, is said to be using every means to preserve her beauty. She eats arsenic to make her eyes bright, and is obliged to increase the quantity continually; chews slate pencils to make her complexion white; drinks vinegar and lemonade to keep her waist small; uses "*Email de Paris*" and *rouge*; pencils her eyebrows; blackens the lower part of her eyes; sleeps with her hands in gloves, and never, under any circumstances, goes out in the sun. Beside this, she is said to own three hundred dollars' worth of false hair, rats, mice, curls, cushions, puffs, braids, cascades and waterfalls included.

☞ The Machias Union tells of an ambitious biddy which has laid an egg with a waterfall attached! This attempt to follow the fashion is evidence that biddy is subject to the prevailing passion of her sex.

☞ A hymn sung by an old negro woman down South runs thus:

"I hears a rumblin' in de skies,
Jews, screws, de fi dum!
I hears a rumblin' in de skies,
Jews, screws, de fi dum!"

An inquiry elicited the fact that the second and fourth lines, which form a sort of chorus, originally read, "Jews crucified him."

☞ The Austrian journals have been for some time past insisting on the necessity of reducing the number of religious holidays. One of them states that during the month of June last the population of Pasterthal, in the Tyrol, had fifteen days' cessation from work.

Black Angels.

A short time before the French Revolution the mania for liberty was manifested many times by the excessive protection given to the negroes.

Among the favorites of this color was one young fellow who enjoyed the reputation of being a good artist. Bonaparte being First Consul, the negro came one day to ask his protection in regard to a picture which he wished to place before the public, but it had been criticised so much that he dared not show it without the favor and sanction of the Consul. Bonaparte manifested a desire to see it, and it was accordingly brought into his presence.

The painting represented the Eternal Father, the Virgin, and the Son of God, surrounded by angels, but all were black! At seeing it Bonaparte was unable to contain himself, and burst into a loud laugh. The artist vindicated himself, saying:

"The whites believe that a black skin is a mark of infamy by which the descendants of Cain are condemned; we, on the contrary, believe that the white skin was given to men as a curse. You believe that God and the angels are white, and why should we not believe that they are black?"

"You have an indisputable right to make them so, and to paint as many black angels as you choose," replied the Consul; "but, when they are completed, the best use you can make of them is to send them to the island of St. Domingo."

TEA.

Tea is one of the greatest "stand-bys" of the community, the pleasant, harmless, social beverage, a delicious refreshment after toil; one of the domestic comforts with which people cannot learn to dispense. The "lords of creation" occasionally amuse themselves with little equibe at ladies' tea-drinkings and tea-parties generally; but in his tired, fretful moods, the most refractory of said lords finds his cup of good tea a luxury and a composer of the inner man.

An examination of the statistics of imports shows yearly an increasing demand for the article in question. The majority of citizens scarcely consider the home circle complete without it. Everywhere it is welcomed at the family board as a necessity of good living, until it is as familiar as our daily bread. The Great American Tea Company, established through this growing demand, have gained a wonderful success and popularity from the liberal mode of their business transactions. Being benefited themselves by their exceedingly large purchases and immense sales, the public is offered the advantages of excellence with respect to the article consumed and reduced prices.—*Demorest's Illustrated Monthly.*

MASON & HAMLIN have, through their great improvements, succeeded in manufacturing the most perfect Cabinet Organs in the world. This result has only been attained by intense study, long experience, persevering experiments, and large pecuniary expenditures; but the successful result is a remunerating reward for all their patient efforts, and they now offer instruments that cannot be rivalled in excellence.—*Boston Post.*

☞ Some of the savans at the meeting of the National Science Association paid a visit last Friday to Colt's factory at Hartford. The Press says that on viewing the splendid steam engine, inquiry was modestly made as to whether it was right to use horse-power in a Colt's factory? Inquiry was further made as to the difference between a gun and an orator, and it was decided to consist in this:—In the case of the orator, the smaller the calibre the greater the bore.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very dull; about 1200 bbls superfine sold for shipment at $7.50 ₩ bbl, and 5000 bbls, in lots, to the retailers and bakers at $7,25@8 for superfine; $8 25@8.75 for old stock extra; $9 50@10,50 for fresh ground do from new Wheat; $10@11 for old stock Penna and Ohio family; $12@13 for fresh ground do; $10,50@12,25 for low grade and fancy Northwest extra family, and $13,50@14,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour; sales at $9 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat is scarce; 5000 bus of common red sold at $2,24@2,27; 6000 bus fair to prime do at $2,30@2,40; 4000 bus choice do at $2,45@2,50, and 1200 bus Kentucky white at $2,65@2,77½ ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye—5500 bus sold at $1,50@1,60 for new, and $1,60@1,70 ₩ bus for old Penna and Western. Corn—10,000 bus of prime yellow sold at from $1,22@1,25, and 25,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,17@1,23 ₩ bus. Oats—40,000 bus sold at 45@65c for damp, 70@71c for fair to good, and 72@75c for prime.

PROVISIONS—Prices are without any material change. Pork is held at $24,75@25 for Mess, and $21 for prime. City packed Mess Beef sells at $27,50@28; plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 20@22c; and pickled do at 17@18c. Shoulders in salt are selling at 12½@12½c ₩ lb. Lard—Sales of tcs and bbls at 13@13½c, and kegs at 14@14½c. Butter—Old is held at 8@10c, and new at 12@16c. Cheese has been in limited inquiry at 11@15c. Eggs sell at 21@23c ₩ doz.

☞ Other articles same as last week.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 7100 head. The prices realized from 10@15½ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $60 to 75 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6 cts ₩ lb. 1500 Hogs sold at from $10 @10,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., commences its next year, Sept. 19, 1867. The examination of candidates for admission will begin on the 18th of Sept., and continue through the week. As the Trustees have appropriated some of the most desirable rooms in the Professors' houses to the students, about 80 additional students can now be well accommodated. Early applicants will be admitted first if qualified. Circulars, containing all information in regard to conditions of admission, courses of study, educational advantages, expenses, &c., may be had by applying to Mr. JAMES N. SCHOU, Registrar, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York. JOHN H. RAYMOND, President. aug31-3t

PENNINGTON INSTITUTE,—23d year began August 29th. Terms reasonable. For Catalogues, address A. P. LASHER, Pennington, N. J. aug30-3m

RIVERVIEW MILITARY ACADEMY, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—Location healthy; Scenery unequalled; Building convenient; Teachers highly educated, earnest, working men; System of Order unsurpassed. A wide-awake thorough-going School for boys wishing to be trained for Business, for College, or for West Point or the Naval Academy. For circulars, address OTIS BISBEE, A. M., Principal and Proprietor. jy20-3t

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE of PENNSYLVANIA—WINTER SESSION commences OCTOBER 7, 1867. Thirty students taken for $30 per session. No other expenses. For particulars address JOSEPH SITES, M. D., Dean, jy27-12t 802 North Sixth St., Philadelphia.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand, in addition to shorter stories and sketches, the following novelets, which will appear successively:

ORVILLE COLLEGE,
A new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "The Channings," &c., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY.
By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

NO LONGER YOUNG.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In Trust," &c.

DORA CASTEL.
By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Nothing has Happened.

Some years ago a farmer living in a village bordering on Berks county, furnished one of his three sons with a sum of money, and told him to go to the West and remain two years, at the end of which time he should return to Lancaster, stop at Schofield's, and one of them would be there to meet him. The young man started on his travels, and at the end of the specified time he returned. It should be premised that telegraphs were not then in existence, the postal system was not so perfect as it is to-day, and literary attainments were not so general, hence no communication took place between the parties. He returned, however, as we said. His brother was there to meet him, and they both proceeded homeward in a buggy. The wanderer after relating some of his adventures inquired whether anything had happened since he left home.

"No, not a single thing," said the other, "everything is just the same as when you left—except that the old crow died."

"Indeed," said the wanderer, "and is the old crow dead—what killed him?"

"Why, he ate too much meat when the matched horses died."

"Good gracious! are the matched horses dead—what killed them?"

"Well, you see when the house and barn burned they overdid themselves in hauling water."

"Good gracious! are the house and barn burned down—how did it happen?"

"Well, you see when daddy died, they were carrying lights about and were careless."

"Good gracious! and is daddy dead—what was the matter with him?"

"Well, you see when Sal ran away and got married against daddy's wishes, he just pined away and died."

"Good gracious! so nothing has happened since I've been away?"

"No, everything is just the same!"

A Domestic Difficulty.

Mrs. Vyvyan Vesey was lovely. She had golden hair and a golden purse. But she was not happy.

I will tell you why!

For many years after her marriage she had been as happy as the days were short. Her husband was devoted to her, and gratified her every whim. He said it was the only way to manage whimmen, but she thought he was joking.

Weary of her snug little villa at Putney, she at last prevailed on him to take a house in Belgrave. As is the custom of rural spots, she was immediately called upon by her neighbors.

Among those neighbors was Mrs. Belyon—a spiteful cat. That spiteful cat made herself very amiable to the fair beauty; and the first time she saw Vesey she started, and then, taking Mrs. V. V. aside, told her that she had a short time before seen Vesey constantly at the opera with a lovely woman—with dark hair and splendid eyes—and had noticed that he was very attentive. She thought "her dear friend ought to know this!"

Mrs. Vyvyan Vesey was miserable.

She made Mr. Vyvyan Vesey miserable too!

This could not go on long! In fact, it didn't.

Then came a day when, amid a flood of tears, she taxed her Vyvyan with inconstancy.

He was furious. Mrs. Belyon was sent for. He asked her to name the exact time when she saw him at the opera as she stated.

Mrs. B. did so—with pleasure.

Mrs. V. V. shrieked.

"I see it all—my be-be-beloved husband!" she sobbed. "O, what a comfort!"

"What!" said Mrs. Belyon.

"O, it was I," said Mrs. Vesey, "I, before I had my hair blanched!"—*London Fun.*

What to Take.

An exchange says, a lady of our acquaintance, young, lovely, and intelligent, called upon a celebrated physician to do "something" for a rush of blood to the head.

"I have been doctoring myself," said the languid fair one, with a smile, to the bluff though kind M. D., while he was feeling her pulse.

"Well, what have you taken?"

"Why, I have taken Brandreth's Pills, Parr's Pills, Stranburg's Pills, Sand's Sarsaparilla, and Jayne's Expectorant, used Dr. Sherman's Lozenges and Plaster, and—"

"My heavens! madam," interrupted the astonished doctor, "did all these do your complaint no good?"

"No! then what shall I take?" pettishly inquired the patient.

"Take!" exclaimed the doctor, eyeing her from head to foot—"take!" exclaimed he, after a moment's reflection, "why, take off your corsets!"

A HARD BED.—An old lady from the country slept one night lately in the house of a friend in town (says a Scotch paper.) Her bed happened to be a plain hard mattress, so much recommended as more healthy to lie upon than a bed of down. Next morning the lady was asked how she had slept over night. "Not very weel," was the reply, "for my auld banes are sore wi' that hard bed o' youre." "O, but, Janet, do ye not know that all the great physicians say that it is more healthy to sleep on beds hard as a board?" replied the host. "Ou, ay," said Janet, "an' I suppose that's what your town bodies ca' a Board of Health."

DRAWING IT MILD.—In Warsaw, N. Y., resides Deacon M——, a straightforward, honest old man, not generally accused of putting too fine a point on his expressions. But the other evening, at a prayer meeting, he did attempt a refinement, and succeeded. Thanking the Lord for the "plainness of the way," he continued: "Yes, Lord, Thou hast made it so plain that a wayfaring man, though—a—*a little—below—below—the average*—could not err therein!"

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.—Gov. Wood, for many years the leader of the New York bar, had a dull, sleepy look. A young attorney was once associated with Mr. Webster in a case when Gov. Wood was an opposing counsel.

"Who is that sleepy old fellow over there?" asked the attorney, pointing to Mr. Wood, or Mr. Webster.

"Is he asleep? Then be very careful that you don't wake him up," was the reply.

☞ "Aunty," said a three-year-old one day, "I don't like my aprons to be starched so much. So much starchness makes the stiffness scratch my bareness."

"Go to Paris? Not if I know it! Give me a quiet month at the sea-side, and leave me alone, please!"

What a Squirrel Did.

A gentleman from Newbury treated us the other day to some walnuts, which we should perhaps have refused, on the principle that the receiver is as bad as the thief, had we known where they were obtained before it was too late. They were part of the store of a striped squirrel, which he had laid up in a hollow tree. There were in all five quarts, which he had carried up one by one, from a tree an eighth of a mile distant. The hole ran into the tree in a horizontal direction, so that its capacity would have been very small, as the nuts would have rolled out without some modification in its arrangements, which Mr. Bunny proceeded to make with a good deal of architectural skill, his movements being watched daily by our informant. He first built up a breastwork of clay, sticks, nutshells, and other rubbish at the mouth of his magazine, an inch or two high, and then filled it up with his provisions, till it would hold no more. He then added another course of mason work, and another deposit of nuts, and so on, till at the time of the vandal's raid on the little fellow's commissary the wall was about a foot high. The peculation was considered justifiable on the ground that man was created lord over all the beasts of the field, and it was no worse to make a squirrel work for him than to make a horse or an ox do it. Besides, our friend kindly gave our four-legged friend his time for the rest of the season, and in a week or two he had laid in a new supply for himself and family.—*Newburyport Herald.*

A TOUGH STORY.—We overheard the following a day or two since, which was considered by the listeners to be "tough," especially when it is known that the hero could not be tempted "to lie." One gentleman was telling of a hen's nest that he constructed with a "trap-door" in the bottom, which the weight of an egg would open. This being placed on a barrel, "the biddie," after laying one, looked for it, and, finding nothing, laid another, and so continued to do for several hours.

"Oh, that is nothing," says our friend from "down-east;" "my father made a nest of that kind and placed it, with the hen upon it, over a hogshead, and she laid it full of eggs. The next day he set a hen upon the nest and she hatched every egg in two weeks."

NEWSPAPERS.—In a lecture upon newspapers, delivered in Philadelphia by Rev. De Witt Talmadge, he said:—

"I now declare that I consider the newspapers to be the grand agency by which the Gospel is preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, heaven rejoiced, and God glorified. In the clanking of the printing press, as sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth, 'Lazarus, come forth!' and to the retreating surges of darkness, 'Let there be light.'"

☞ Husband—That's good butter, my love. Wife—It should be, dear, at one-and-six a pound. The man at first wanted two shillings, and I was just going out of his shop, saying "he was the dearest man," when he came down to one-and-six. I can't think what made him alter his price—can you, dear? (The "dear" changes his butter man.)

AGRICULTURAL.

The Peach Crop.

A reporter for the New York Tribune, has been among the peach growers of the Atlantic districts and estimates the Jersey peach crop at about 200,000 baskets. (A basket containing about 20 quarts.) The general estimate among growers is, that there is only about half a full crop. In June the cold, wet weather caused the curl of the leaf, and a fall of large quantities of peaches.

The best peach orchards in Jersey are put in corn till they begin to bear, after that they are ploughed and harrowed without the planting of any crop, and bone dust applied, in one instance at the rate of four tons to 25 acres. Some say it is better than any other manure, while others deny this, and say they use the bone that they may have their manure to put on ground for wheat. When cultivation is not attended to, and where a system of trimming out dead wood is not pursued, the yield of fruit is unsatisfactory, and the business unprofitable. The varieties raised are generally as follows: Early Red, Large Early York, Old Mixon, Late Rare Ripe, Late Crawford, Prince's Rare Ripe, Smock, Morris White, and Beer's Smock. The last is an October peach, and is highly valued. We could not learn that Hale's Early is yet much in bearing, though many young orchards of this variety are planted, and will come on in a year or so.

The next regions visited were on the line of the Delaware Railroad as far south as Dover. In comparison, the Jersey peach region sinks into insignificance. It was found impossible to get anything like a correct estimate of the number of acres; but in answer to inquiries made of the railroad company, the crop on this line is estimated at fully a million of baskets. On the Maryland shore it is supposed that the yield will be nearly as large, though some of their extensive orchards have died out. Thus we have as a total of the peach crop to be sent to Philadelphia, New York, and other Northern cities, 2,200,000 baskets or 733,000 bushels.

Only about 100 trees are planted to an acre in Delaware. They are larger and generally more thrifty than the Jersey trees, and the business is conducted in a more scientific manner. In fair orchards the average is estimated at three baskets to the tree, while very many trees will yield ten baskets each. The size of the orchards varies from ten acres to 500, and even 700 acres each. In addition to the varieties named above, the Delaware growers cultivate the Susquehanna, and Early York, Serrate, the first of which is a shy bearer, but when it does bear, very profitable, while the latter is unsatisfactory. So is the Tillotson. Hale's Early is in many orchards, and already bearing. It is hardy, fruitful, and more profitable than any other, since none is so early. Several have new late varieties, highly esteemed, but they are not yet generally introduced.

The best cultivators manage as in Jersey, but they do not continue cultivation later than into July. If an orchard which has been neglected should be brought into cultivation, it is quite certain to throw its fruit the first year, and late cultivation has this tendency. Here, also, a large number of peaches fell in June, and here also they cannot say whether the curculio did a part or all of the damages. The general estimate is that there will be no more than half of a full crop, but it is certain that the fruit will be fine, and perhaps the growers will realize more money than if the trees had borne full.

Weeds.

These troublesome enemies of crops are the real friends of the farmer, if they compel him to stir the soil while the plant is attaining its growth. Without cultivation no crop can reach a fruitful maturity. And by constant stirring of the surface, the growth of weeds is completely checked. During the month of August, especially after a wet season like the present, weeds are apt to take a fresh start, and it will be fatal to the farmer's future ease and peace of mind if he permits them to grow to maturity, and to scatter their baleful seeds over the land. Therefore keep the cultivator and the horse-hoe at work as long as practicable, and afterwards the hand-hoe as well as the hands, until every intrusive weed is exterminated.

STORM SIGNALS.—A correspondent of the Ellsworth, Me., American, whose farm is about three miles from the village, uses its bells and its bridge as a barometer or storm signal—the more distinct the sound the nearer the storm. He says, "Sunday evening last, myself and family distinctly and unmistakably heard the carriages pass and re-pass the Ellsworth bridge. Early on Monday morning I commenced to 'set' my hay field 'in cocks' for the great storm thus signalized, which delayed its coming until Wednesday, then made good its delay by a five days' storm, to the great discomfiture of Sunday haymakers. Two days before *that* great rain last year we heard for the first time the Trenton bell—a village several miles farther distant.

RENEWING GRAPES.—People hear much about the "renewal system" in grape-growing, and from the high-flown tone in which professional writers speak, could never understand what it means. It is simply growing fruit every two or three years or less from new vines, sprouting out low from the parent vine, and removing the latter. It is said that larger and better grapes can be obtained by this system than from the old method of depending on the old vine.—*Selected.*

A CORRESPONDENT of the Maine Farmer says: "Many a housewife may be glad to know, when she has a piece of fresh meat she wishes to keep a few days, that it can be successfully done by placing it in a dish and covering it with buttermilk. I have practiced the plan for years."

Summer Fruits.

Acids promote the separation of the bile from the blood, which is then passed from the system, thus preventing fevers, the prevailing diseases of summer. All fevers are "bilious," that is, the bile is in the blood. Whatever is antagonistic of fever is cooling. It is a common saying that fruits are "cooling," and also berries of every description; it is because the acidity which they contain aids in separating the bile from the blood, that is, aids in purifying the blood. Hence the great yearning for greens, and lettuce, and salads in the early spring, these being eaten with vinegar; hence, also, the taste for something sour, for lemonades, on attack of fever. But this being the case, it is easy to see that we nullify the good effects of fruits and berries, in proportion as we eat them with sugar, or even sweet milk or cream. If we eat them in their natural state, fresh, ripe, perfect, it is almost impossible to eat too many, to eat enough to hurt us, especially if we eat them alone, not taking any liquid with them whatever.

RECIPTS.

POTTED SALMON.—Split a salmon down the back, and divide it into two pieces, removing the backbone, head and tail. Wipe the two sides with a clean napkin, but do not wash them. Salt them slightly, and let them drain. Put the drained pieces into a baking pan, after having well rubbed them all over with a mixture of powdered cloves and mace, and four or five bay leaves and some whole pepper. Cover the fish with cold clarified butter, and the pan with strong paper. When baked, take the salmon out and let it drain from the gravy. Take off the skin, and put the fish into the pots. Sprinkle the upper surface of the potted salmon with a little spice, and pour clarified butter over it, when cold. Then close the pots.

LAMB CUTLETS (*a French dish.*)—Cut a loin of lamb into chops. Remove all the fat, trim them nicely, scrape the bone, and see that it is the same length in all the cutlets. Lay them in a deep dish, and cover them with salad oil. Let them steep in the oil for an hour. Mix together a sufficiency of finely grated bread crumbs, and a little minced parsley, seasoned with a very little pepper and salt, and some grated nutmeg. Having drained the cutlets from the oil, cover them with the mixture, and broil them over a bed of hot, live coals, on a previously heated gridiron, the bars of which have been rubbed with chalk. The cutlets must be thoroughly cooked. When half done turn them carefully. You may bake them in a dutch-oven, instead of broiling them. Have ready some boiled potatoes, mashed smooth and stiff with cream or butter. Heap the mashed potatoes high on a heated dish, and make it into the form of a dome or a bee-hive. Smooth it over with the back of a spoon, and place the lamb cutlets all round it, so that they stand up and lean against it, with the broad end of each cutlet downward. In the top of the dome of potatoes, stick a handsome bunch of curled parsley.

CABBAGE IN CREAM.—Wash a white-hearted cabbage very thoroughly, cut it into small pieces, boil it until tender, and let the water drain from it. Brown some butter in a saucepan, put in the cabbage, pour over it a teacupful of good cream, let it simmer gently for half an hour.

PORTUGUESE TOMATO SAUCE.—Slice tomatoes and onions, and stew them in a nice gravy with small slices of bacon, and pepper and salt to taste.

STEWED CUCUMBERS.—Pare and split in quarters four fullgrown but young cucumbers, take out the seeds, and cut each part in two, sprinkle them with white pepper or Cayenne, flour, and fry them lightly in a little butter, lift them from the pan, drain them on a sieve, then lay them in as much good brown gravy as will nearly cover them, and stew them gently from twenty-five to thirty minutes, or until they are quite tender. Should the gravy require to be thickened or flavored, dish the cucumbers and keep them hot while a little flour and butter, or any other of the usual ingredients, are stirred into it. Some persons like a small portion of lemon-juice mixed added to the sauce; cucumber-vinegar might be substituted with very good effect, as the vegetable loses much of its fine flavor when cooked.

SALLY LUNNS.—Mix two dessert spoonfuls of yeast and two pounds of fine flour with a little warm water; let it stand half an hour to rise. Put two ounces of butter and the yolk of an egg into as much milk as is wanted to make the dough of the required stiffness, and mix all well up together. Put it into cups or tins. When risen properly, bake the Sally Lunns in a rather quick oven.

MOLASSES CUP CAKE.—Take one cup of molasses (very nice sorghum is the best,) one cup of sour milk, one cup of butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, flour to make it sufficiently thick, bake in a tolerably hot oven.

SUGAR CAKE.—One cup and a half of sugar, one egg, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar. Roll them and bake on buttered pans.

TO CLEAN GLOVES.—Have a little milk in a saucer, and a piece of common yellow soap. Wrap round the forefinger, a piece of flannel, and dip it into the milk, taking care not to make the flannel very wet; rub it on the yellow soap, and afterwards pass it up and down the glove until all the dirt be removed. This will be very quickly done, and the most delicate colors may be safely cleaned by this easy process.

CHOCOLATE CREAM CUSTARD.—Scrape quarter of a pound of the best chocolate, pour on it a teacupful of boiling water, and let it stand by the fire until it is all dissolved. Beat eight eggs light, omitting the whites of two; stir them, by degrees, into a quart of rich milk alternately with the chocolate and three tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Put the mixture into cups and bake ten minutes.

SIMPLE DISINFECTANT.—Cut two or three good sized onions in halves, and place them on a plate on the floor; they absorb noxious effluvia, etc., in the sick-room, in an incredibly short space of time, and are greatly to be preferred to perfumery for the same purposes. They should be changed every six hours.

JUMBLES.—Three cups of sugar, two of butter, three eggs, four tablespoons of sour cream, one teaspoon salæratus. Roll thin, sprinkle coffee sugar thickly on the top before placing them in the oven.

☞ "Pray, madam, why do you name your old hen Macduff?" "Because, sir, I want her to lay on!"

THE RIDDLER.

Historical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 66 letters.

My 21, 52, 14, 37, 66, 45, 2, 19, was a noted Grecian chief at the siege of Troy.

My 58, 33, 41, 68, 51, 73, 65, 23, was a distinguished general of Carthage.

My 52, 34, 79, 25, 53, 63, were a sect of philosophers founded by Antisthenes.

My 35, 59, 6, 12, 52, 72, 40, 30, 31, 58, was a Grecian philosopher.

My 76, 35, 6, 13, 64, 7, 54, 54, 39, was the wife of Socrates.

My 55, 31, 1, 46, 11, 62, 73, was the first balloonist in England.

My 32, 5, 57, 24, 4, was the first English circumnavigator.

My 44, 57, 67, 62, 28, 65, 31, was the first to discover the satellites about the planet Saturn.

My 23, 46, 61, 16, 74, 26, 77, 51, 61, 63, invented the art of printing.

My 3, 21, 43, 71, 52, 24, was the first oil painter.

My 54, 38, 51, 6, 42, 77, 50, 75, 31, 63, was, it is said, the first to strike fire from flint.

My 30, 15, 16, 29, 47, 13, 78, 33, was a divorced wife of Cicero.

My 27, 7, 31, 60, 56, 43, 13, 63, was a biographer of Cilicia.

My 59, 9, 72, 35, 40, was a city at which Og, king of Bashan, was defeated.

My 10, 39, 79, 20, 21, 48, 38, 9, was a king of Syria who was very anxious to know the result of his sickness.

My 17, 21, 80, 13, 79, was a vehicle used by Joseph's brethren on their way from Egypt to Canaan.

My 36, 33, 7, 77, 64, is an attribute for the look of which a pious saint once came near sinking.

My 70, 13, 49, was made by Jephthah.

My whole is a notable remark made by a distinguished Protestant minister to his companion when about to be burnt at the stake by order of Queen Mary. ALPHA B. OMICRON.

Lynnville, Morgan Co., Ill.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 21, 8, 18, 1, is one of the attributes of Divinity.

My 26, 4, 12, 2, 19, is a quiet resting place.

My 26, 16, 23, is what the Indians think much of.

My 17, 3, 1, 20, 22, 25, 26, is an unpleasant expression.

My 15, 14, 23, 10, 12, 7, is an article of apparel worn by the Pope.

My 11, 1, 24, 26, 11, 11, 3, is an exclamation.

My 13, 9, 5, 3, 3, 20, is needed by the distressed.

My 5, 19, 21, 7, is what the savages often do.

My whole is an old but true saying.

BATHENIA.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A point is taken at random in each of the sides of an equilateral triangle. Required, the probability that the triangle formed by joining these points will be acute.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Says A to B, I have three times as many dollars as you have, and if both were added together and expended in cloth at as many yards for a dollar as there are dollars, they would purchase 400 yards. How many dollars had each one? W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the vowel O the only vowel ever sounded? Ans.—Because all the others are in audible.

☞ Why does a lazy man resemble an industrious one? Ans.—Because he hardly earns his bread.

☞ Why does the letter R hold an enviable position? Ans.—Because it is never found in sin, but always in temperance, industry, virtue and prosperity. It is the beginning of religion and the end of war.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Nothing ventured, nothing won." FLORAL REBUS—Heliotrope. (Hawthorn, Elder, Laurustinus, Iris, Oleander, Tuberose, Rue, Olive, Primrose, (evening) Eglantine.)

Answer to A. E. Searson's PROBLEM, June 1st—Contents of spire, 8393.2032 cubic feet. G. M. Ettinger, E. P. Norton. 2647.14699 cubic feet. Robert Curley.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of June 8th—80 days. W. H. Morrow, J. M. Greenwood, Emma Barnes, J. S. Phebus, L. Lebus.

Answer to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM, same date. $405.90. E. P. Norton. $16.875x. J. S. Phebus.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, same date. 15.641 feet from the centre of the greater ball, and 11.094 feet from the centre of the less ball. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. S. Phebus's PROBLEM, June 15th—2 rods, 11 feet, 779394x inches. J. S. Phebus. 44.6494 feet. J. M. Greenwood. 1.9134 rods. Lewis Lebus.

Answer to Student's PROBLEM, same date—Several answers may be given. 4,901-49 or 4,000-41 J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Geo. Malville's PROBLEM, same date—64, 7 and 2. G. Malville.

☞ A beloved pastor of a congregation out west, last year, received as remuneration for his services one hundred and fifty dollars from an eastern missionary society, and from his affectionate flock a barrel of whiskey and a keg of varnish.